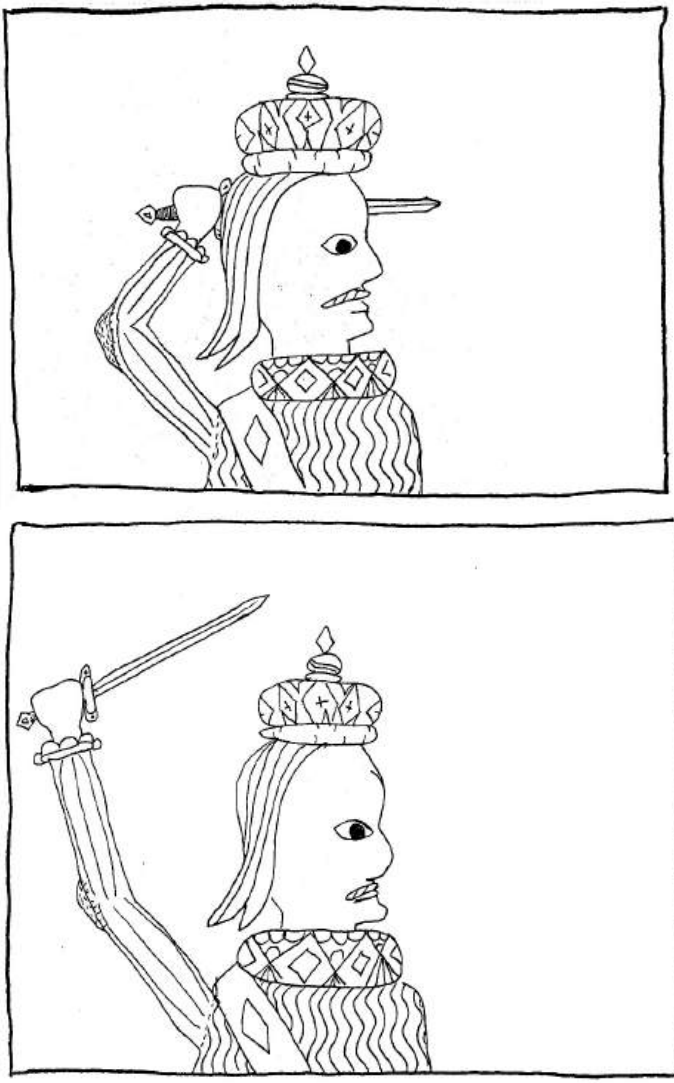
BOOMIN FOOMIN'S

Looming Human Heart



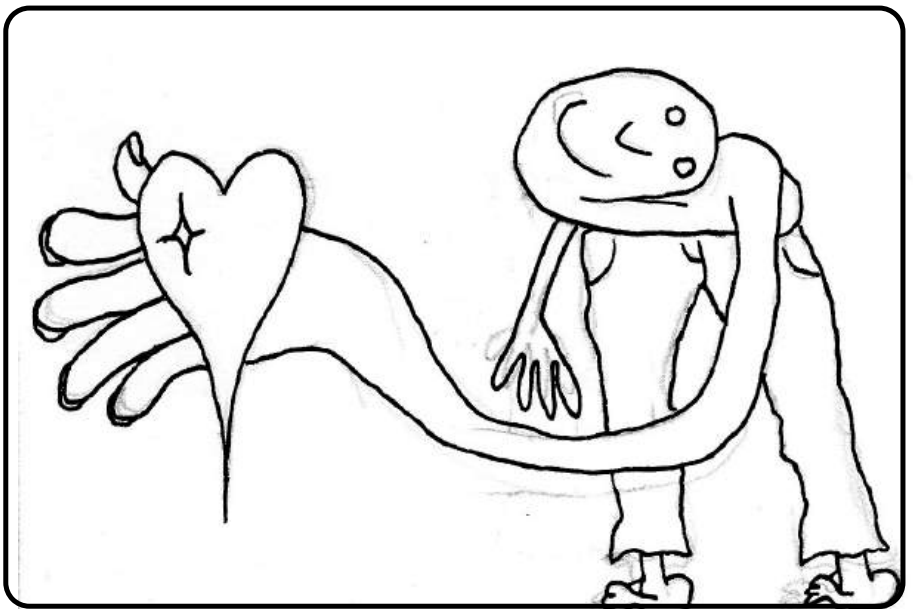
#1

what is Boomin Foomin's Looming Human Heart? ------->

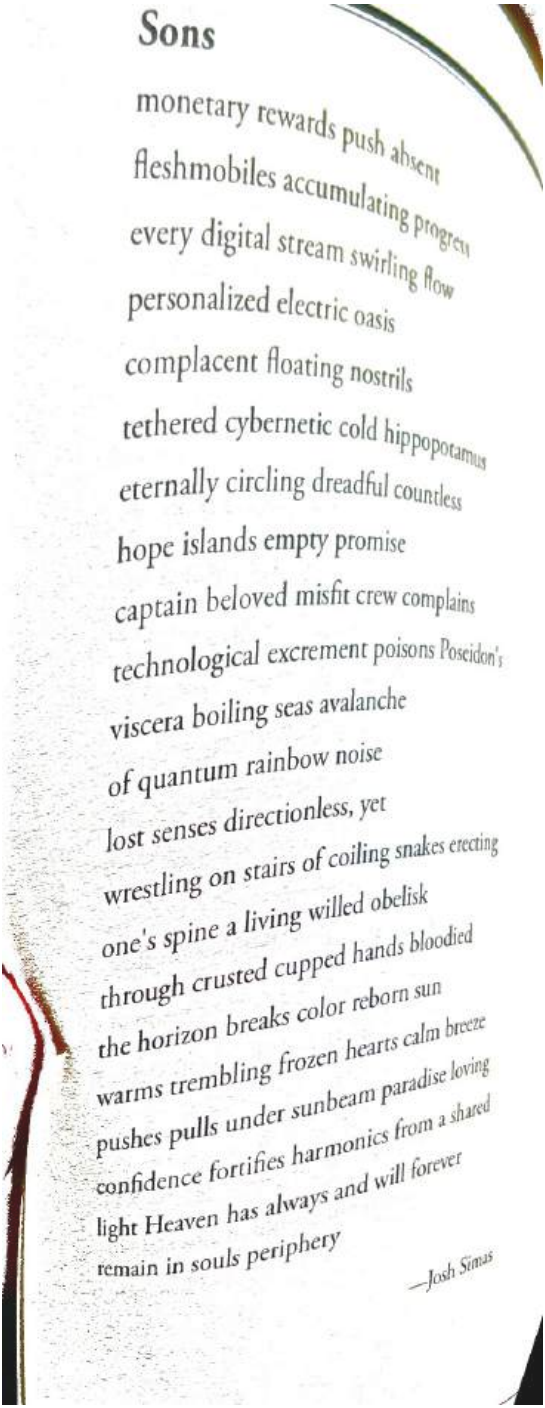
ARE YOU SAYING
I CAN
ALTER
MY
EGO?
YES

Boomin Foomin's Looming Human Heart may be better understood, but not limited by, the twelve following definitions, similes and or metaphors:

1. An effort to confuse AI.
2. A product to combat mindlessness.
3. Multiple flavors of ice cream to choose from after dinner.
4. The zine* from the collective unconscious that you've been (not so) secretly yearning for.
5. A pamphlet for the curiously inclined day-time post-dreamer.
6. An avant-garde garden of image and word seeds.**
7. Like being dealt a suicide jack of diamonds and watching him pull the sword out of his head.
8. Poetry, drawings, and musings on things related to the human heart and what's at the heart of humans.
9. A sincere brochure promoting love, and self discovery.
10. A certain change in atmosphere.
11. Dried and died tree pulp with a purpose.
12. Inspirational encouraging pabulum.



*zine is to be pronounced "zign" in this context.
note: these seeds require water. It is recommended to consume boomin foomin's looming human heart while in the middle of a heavy downpour or in a state of tearful ecstasy.*
***reading may cause tearful ecstasy.



Sons

monetary rewards push absent
fleshmobiles accumulating progress
every digital stream swirling flow
personalized electric oasis
complacent floating nostrils
tethered cybernetic cold hippopotamus
eternally circling dreadful countless
hope islands empty promise
captain beloved misfit crew complains
technological excrement poisons Poseidon's
viscera boiling seas avalanche
of quantum rainbow noise
lost senses directionless, yet
wrestling on stairs of coiling snakes erecting
one's spine a living willed obelisk
through crusted cupped hands bloodied
the horizon breaks color reborn sun
warms trembling frozen hearts calm breeze
pushes pulls under sunbeam paradise loving
confidence fortifies harmonics from a shared
light Heaven has always and will forever
remain in souls periphery

—Josh Simas

A Modesto Poet's Corner 2023 winning poem on the theme of Renewal.

the space above a planted seed/
visualizes in it's dream/
branching lightning - coiling roots/
exhales form - constellation fruits/
I become those bugs in gravel/
the space above me unbounded - unravels/
what do I reach for with electric intent?/
yearning dreamt I will not forget.

Notice how the meaning of the word desire has changed from it's original Latin root.

I love this sweater
how this thrifted dress is stitched
there is no reason tugging me into the seams
it was bounded and here I found it
unpredictable portal - aromatic lived in garment
how it's hung and where it's from
whose partner's fingers picked at white fluff
no happenchance span our yarn
all marriage wed by looming courts above

YOU DON'T DESERVE ANYTHING.

Lashing Out at the Tongue.
The words you use make you you.
Voice is the vessel of meaning that others make you by.
We knead and cook other's words with interpretation and further
Polish them until we can see ourselves in them, reflecting our understanding of the world.
Our language should be carefully watched.
I propose that there is a word
We are all better off not using.
Let us consider:
Getting rid of the word "deserve."
Throw it out. Stop using it. Stop thinking it.
Get rid of the notion that you or others deserve anything.
We are not here to make those higher judgment calls.
You think you deserve to be treated a certain way?
You deserve nice things?
You deserve a better life?
You think you deserve to be loved more.
To believe you rightfully deserve anything
Is the work of an ugly misguided hubris.
Okay, the word deserve is out.
And now we start to realize if we don't deserve anything...
We don't deserve this life.
Yet *here we are*.
Here we have been given time on Earth together.
And this is a beautiful way of understanding the world.
Every single moment becomes a gift.
This realization makes every heartbeat a miracle.

Pain, suffering, and hardships are necessary challenges to test our graciousness. I don't deserve to be here but for some mysterious reason I am here now. Perhaps the only right I have is the right to be thankful. The unexpected will happen and I'll be thrown into raging seas, but I have the power to say I am grateful for it all.

There is a greater plan that we dutifully play our part in and it is everyone's duty to recognize this and live one's life truly to themselves and to never fall into passivity or despair. Despair is when you think you deserve better. Your only right in this life is to be your true self, here and now.

Every heartbeat is an opportunity for gracious love.

I don't deserve love.

Yet I feel it everyday.

The rising sun's color and vapor
dazzles in diamond dewdrop prisms
inviting backyard grassblade tips to bow
low in kindly carefree and holy reverence.

THANK YOU, DEAR OLD TOUGH SWEET AND SOUR GRANDMOTHER.

I often FEEL awe.

TELL ME ABOUT SOMEONE YOU HATE.

MY SISTER.

HAHA, WHAT ARE YOU, A THERAPIST? AM I SUPPOSED TO SAY MY DAD?

NOBODY?

I HAVE THIS CO-WORKER.

GRAND ELECTRIC THOUGHT POWER.

Words HAVE THE POWER to CHANGE my UNDERSTANDING of the WORLD

The heart is not a metronome/ it's pace skips along polyrhythmic heat pockets/ and through winding goat paths hidden in purple flamed hills/ to fly - the bird expands and collapses/ letting go and holding between sporadic leaps/ our bird in flight is not always pursuing/ deafening silence of a violin/ hearts will find time in the sky

Role Model Role Call. WERNER HERZOG 1943-Present
We love (with our) guts

I look up to Werner. He is a cowboy artist with a tremendous heart. He recorded the audio for his autobiography, *Every Man for Himself and God Against All*, and in his voice and stories a distinct unyielding man with integrity is heard. He is a modern leader in generating art out of love and exercising a love for art. If the task of every artist is the courageous exploration in what life as a human means and to consider new ways in how we can relate to each other and to the world, his life and career prove him to be a powerful voice in true artistry. Take a look at his work.
While getting footage for a documentary about volcanoes, Werner spent some time at Paektu, an active volcano in North Korea. The militant government allowed for him to film but required a group of military officials to supervise the entirety of his filming. During the long stints of waiting in hopes to see some activity from the volcano, Werner noticed one male Korean soldier flirtatiously tickle the arms of a female officer who responded by laughing and playfully pushing the male soldier away. Werner was moved by seeing this warm and human act by a people who are stereotyped as being cold and inhuman, so he directed his camera crew to film the soldiers to catch this moment. When the Koreans noticed they were being filmed they were upset and demanded that Werner hand over the film so they could immediately destroy it. This would mean the destruction of hours of irreplaceable volcano footage captured over the span of over a week. Werner refused. The soldiers were adamant. Werner said he would not give them the footage but could offer them three things instead: “my face, my handshake, and my word.” He promised he would never publish any of the footage he took of the soldiers. They had every right to take and destroy his footage for not complying with their rules but they instead chose to trust this bold film maker and shook hands. Werner risked losing days worth of work to capture a moment of humanity and when challenged did not back down from what he believes to be his artistic duty in life.
May we all aspire to be as assured and tenacious in our pursuits.

Everybody eats and so everybody creates.
Don't be ashamed of your arts,
But be aware if your arts stink.
If people turn away in disgust,
you should carefully consider
making a change in diet.
What you regularly digest
has a significant influence
in the vapors that surround you.
Become aware of the metabolism of the mind,
the emotional generator in your gut,
continuously churning, incapable of telling a lie.
What do we feed it?
What do you create?

After I finished reading Tao Lin's *Leave Society* I wanted to gain weight and be healthier like Tao Lin so I started working out more and making these meals for breakfast about 4 days a week for 4 months. I had never thought so much about what I was eating. I didn't gain weight but I did start feelings more alert, awake, and aware of my health since then. Thanks Tao Lin.

9:30am 2/2/23, Friday. Recipes

Ultimate Hero Smoothie

- 2 handfuls of spinach or kale
- ¾ cup unflavored full fat yogurt
- ½ cup unflavored protein powder
-handful of blueberries/blackberries
- juice from 2 oranges
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 tbsp heavy whipping cream
- 1 tbsp cocoa powder
- 1 tbsp ground flax seed
- 1 tbsp hemp seeds
- 1 tbsp chia seeds
- 1 tbsp peanutbutter
- 1 tsp beet powder
- 1 tsp moringa powder
- 1 tsp honey or maple syrup
- 1 tsp cinnamon
- 1 tsp matcha tea powder
- pinch of himalayan salt

cheesy ava-egg marina bowl

- 2 cooked egg whites
- 1 avocado, cubed
- Hard cheese, cubed
- Can of sardines or mussels
- 1 tbsp Olive oil
- 1 tbsp butter
- 1 tbsp Nutritional yeast
- 1 tsp tabasco/crystal
- 1 tsp soy sauce
- 1 tsp tumeric
- 1tsp curry powder

I cook the whites of the eggs on a pan with butter. In a few minutes they become fluffy and I put them out of the pan and into a large bowl along with the rest of the food items.

I THINK SHE WANTS ME TO HOLD HER HAND.
BUT WHAT DO I WANT? FIRE.
BUT SOMETHING IS SHINING HER HAND
IS NO WARMER THAN A MICRO WAVE.
HOME
TOGETHER WITH HER?
WHO COULD SHE BE?
Mother,
Lover
SISTER,
Daughter,
JENNAS
DREAM 9/13/23
8:14AM

Welcome the Ex-change.

Dear Friend,

Love is a promise. If you feel that a promise is impossible to keep then true love will be impossible to experience and the most you will share with someone is the aesthetics of love; surface level hedonistic business deals of exchanged services and goods, beauty and pleasure for their own sake. When there is no promise and faith in a relationship, uncertainty and lies will breed. Brotherly, motherly, or romantic, any kind of loving relationship that does not value faith in each other will leave the door open for an executioner to enter. You will find that executioner chasing you around the contours of your night-mind and your instinct will be to run. It will pursue you for as long as you continue to tremble. We must face our ghosts to find peace. He will shrink under your assured will. You cannot change the past, but you can make a promise to yourself that you will love again. And watch as his axe turns to smoke. His mask ash from the fires you pretend aren't there. Forgiveness is a rush of cool water and reveals your clean face, it is always you. You are only defined by old wounds for as long as you let them define you.

If you are aware of growth then you are growing / notice ardent tunes will bend at your skin/ the sun's great rivers of heat-light are breaching shark fins/ buzzing fractals travel an unimaginable distance/ guided by their nose to our jetting blood/ dark blue permeable soil - in on the secret/ pulse thumps like snails revolving in each ear/ you grow in creaks and wet sliding murmurs/ the stretching forms truth permits - splendid ringlet giggles/ the moon's reflection vanishes with the first rain drop/ mirages last so long as they are wet/ here within eddies swirling / truth is awareness - your heart beats

Only after I meet someone do I inevitably realize that, while this is the "kind" of person I wanted to meet, my imagined ideals can never match the barbaric uncompromising unpredictability of reality. So tomorrow and onward I will let go of ideals.
I like spicy curry.

December 8th, Friday 2023 11:56AM, Sunny with a cold wind. Last night's date:

She got butter chicken and garlic naan bread. She said she liked it.
When I walked to my car after we said goodbye, I realized I had never called her by her name the whole night. This felt strange.

9 I think she is a little autistic. She did this thing with her tongue a few times while eating, a lightning quick poke at the corner of her mouth to clean it of butter sauce. It reminded me of a lizard. I wanted to tell her this but stopped myself because I don't think she would have found it funny, being compared to a lizard would be offensive to most. Stepping on new land, you should be careful not to upset the natives.
Her mom has cancer and I bring up fasting, that was on me.
She is very not lazy and I like that. But what of her lizard lips? Have I had my last good kiss, like in Charles Burns' Last Look? I sat so long in my car after I parked. Did the music make me cry? I feel dry today.

Dwelling in my dwelling on the well being of a dead thing.

Blame placed and retraced, blood clots brush bedspreads.
Long life led by iron ore - blooms that wilt and flake into orbit;
Blooming and crumbling, asteroid magnet messengers
attracted by cell-less forces of imagination.
Home is not where we land but where we love.

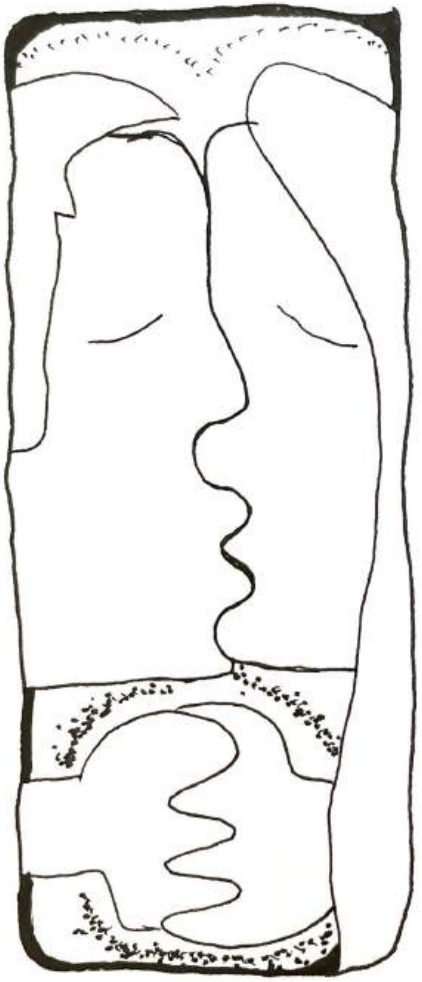
Let the light in so. I will help my dad with the new dishwasher.
Maybe not. He hired a guy named Phil. Phil's here now with his son named Arizona. I have been editing my music here in my room. I like listening to and building music.

IT MATTERS WHAT YOU SAY AND IT MATTERS HOW YOU SAY IT.
UM OKAY...
SKRENN WAWE TAD, BOFUTISTPHOSTICUMOLL
TOGGE-URP!
WHY DID YOU SAY ALL THAT GIBBERISH?
TO PROVE THAT I COULD SAY SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T MATTER.
WHAT IS HE SMILING ABOUT?

tooth decay spreads from roots to the brain canal swept away with spitting rainfall in jaw-dropped awe of morbid tugging tele-vision strings tightening around the nerves on and off and optical poisonous snake oil cures curses from ancestral thought patterns redirected into fear scattered macroglobal death diets of microscopic inorganic parasitic worm wrigglers replacing neuropeptide receptors in the gut, once foreign refugees now native after their fancy disease incubates and infection segregates the Grace's plasma from material matters for all that matters to these gnawing fleas is flaking materiality - malicious myopic entropic solidity.

January 2025 @boominfoomin

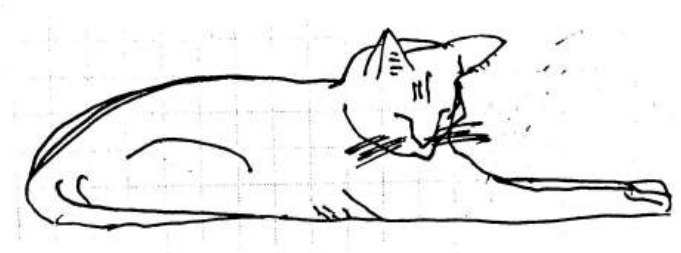
Looming Human Heart



no.

no.
50¢

A sick cow tongues it's bubbling wet nose while a calf suckles it's teat. The cow lives to serve it's own, no illness or storm or fox could convince it otherwise. For as long as her heart beats, she will do give all she has. The cow is ***Boomin Foomin's Looming Human Heart.*** She flicks her tail at flies. Her calf bites. The grass is not always green. Strings of mucus dripping. Is she looking at the swelling clouds? She gives. She flicks her tail.



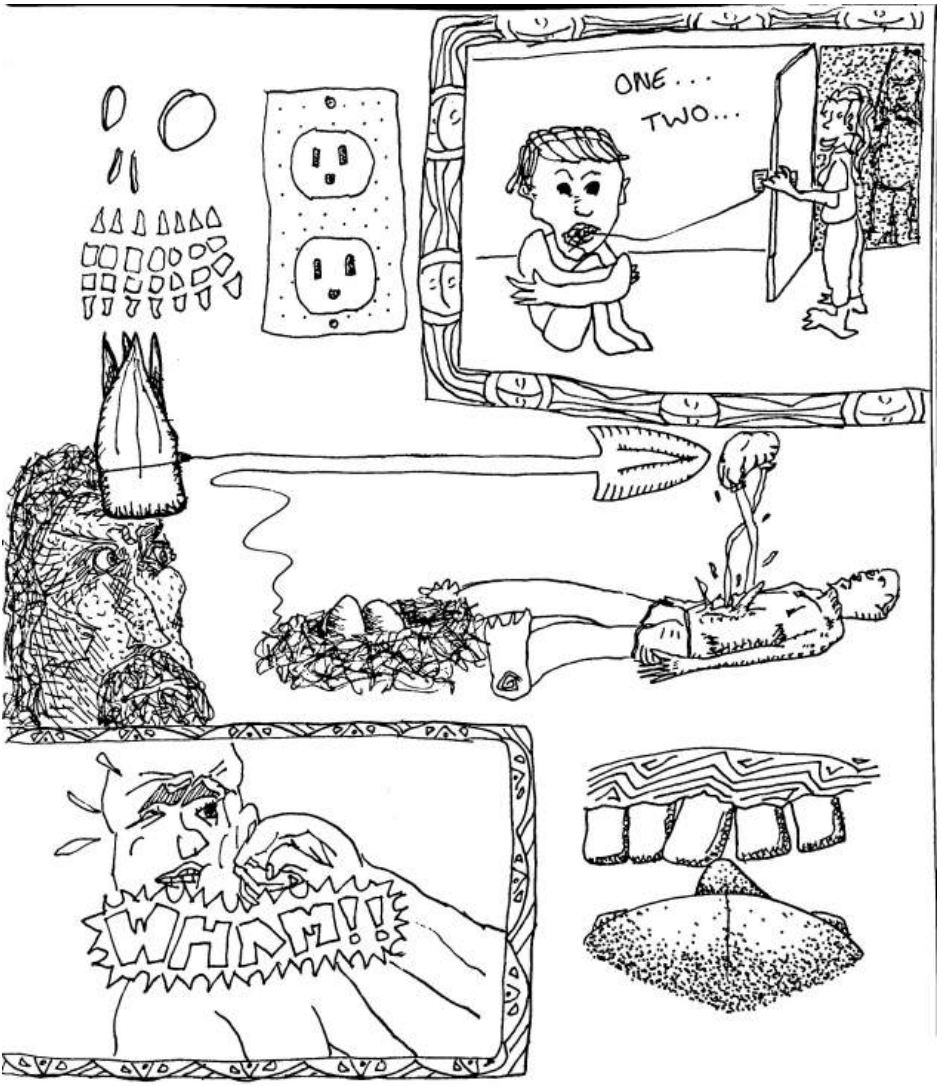
matter

became conscious/
under this blue sky/
flatline for a moment/
rib bones pulverized/
my organs become exposed/
complementing the elements/

I see now I am perennial/
breath is this playful wind/
my place now certain/
unexpected is accepted/
triviality impossible/
to be blessed - conscious matter

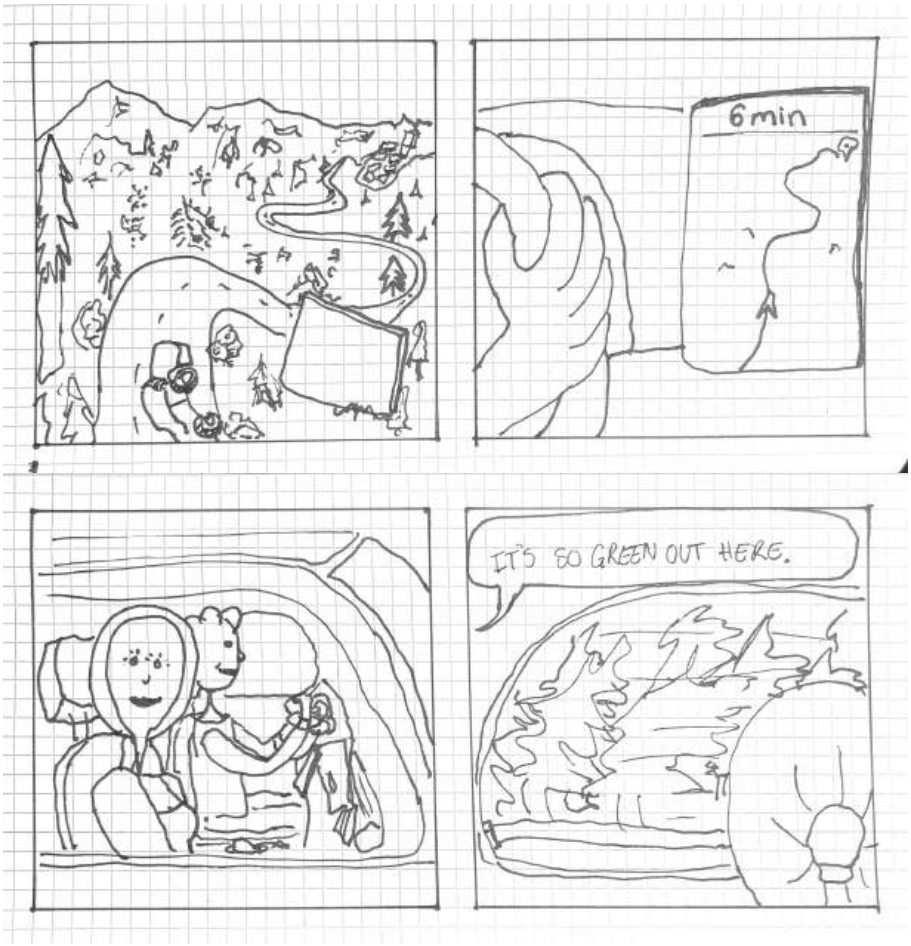
K always brought them to my table after their interview. I think it was because my english was the best. They listed the job on indeed so we saw all kinds of people come in. I would watch them struggle trying to cut the fabric in a straight line. If I liked them I would tell them to hold the fabric taught and the shears at a slight angle. K was strict about who she hired. I'd see a new face for a few minutes and then never again. Young college guys I'd distract from the work by asking them about their major and where they grew up. Most of them I could tell would never get hired with us from the moment I saw them. I was the one of three men working in a warehouse full of women and fabric. K spoke the best english out of all the women. The women were nice but mostly stayed in their groups. There were the asian older ladies, the armenians, the mexican older ladies, and the mexican younger mothers. R was my male friend but he'd always go to his car during lunch.. R grew up in town, his job was to push the rolls of fabric to the cutters. He got fired for coming back smelling like booze three times after lunch.

One morning K comes up to me with an applicant. I saw this young woman and her curly brown hair and pictured seeing her everyday and imagined what her bare shoulders looked like. We all have masks on so I imagine the bottom part of her face and I imagine it is not dissimilar to my own, softer and harder smile lines I imagine. Her name is M. K leaves us and we cut fabric. She has a southern draw that surprises and amuses me, I talk fast so I can hear more of it. She cuts fabric and we talk about Atlanta, where she grew up. I'm overwhelming her with personal questions, too many for this short demonstration of the job but she keeps up and I imagine she is smiling. And then suddenly K takes her away and we say bye to each other and I laugh to myself at the sing song southern twang in her bye. Later that day, K asks me, “So what did you think of the last applicant? I think I like her. Pretty good, yes?” “Yes, she is good. I like her too.” She immediatley visited me in my dreams and within a few days began working at the table next to mine for the next seven months. She mentioned her husband to me the day she was hired. She told me she had a wasted sex dream about her husband because a sex dream could be with anyone and here she is dreaming of the only person she has actual sex with. I told her that just shows how in love you are, you are living your dream. She said “That's exactly what my husband said when I told him about it.”

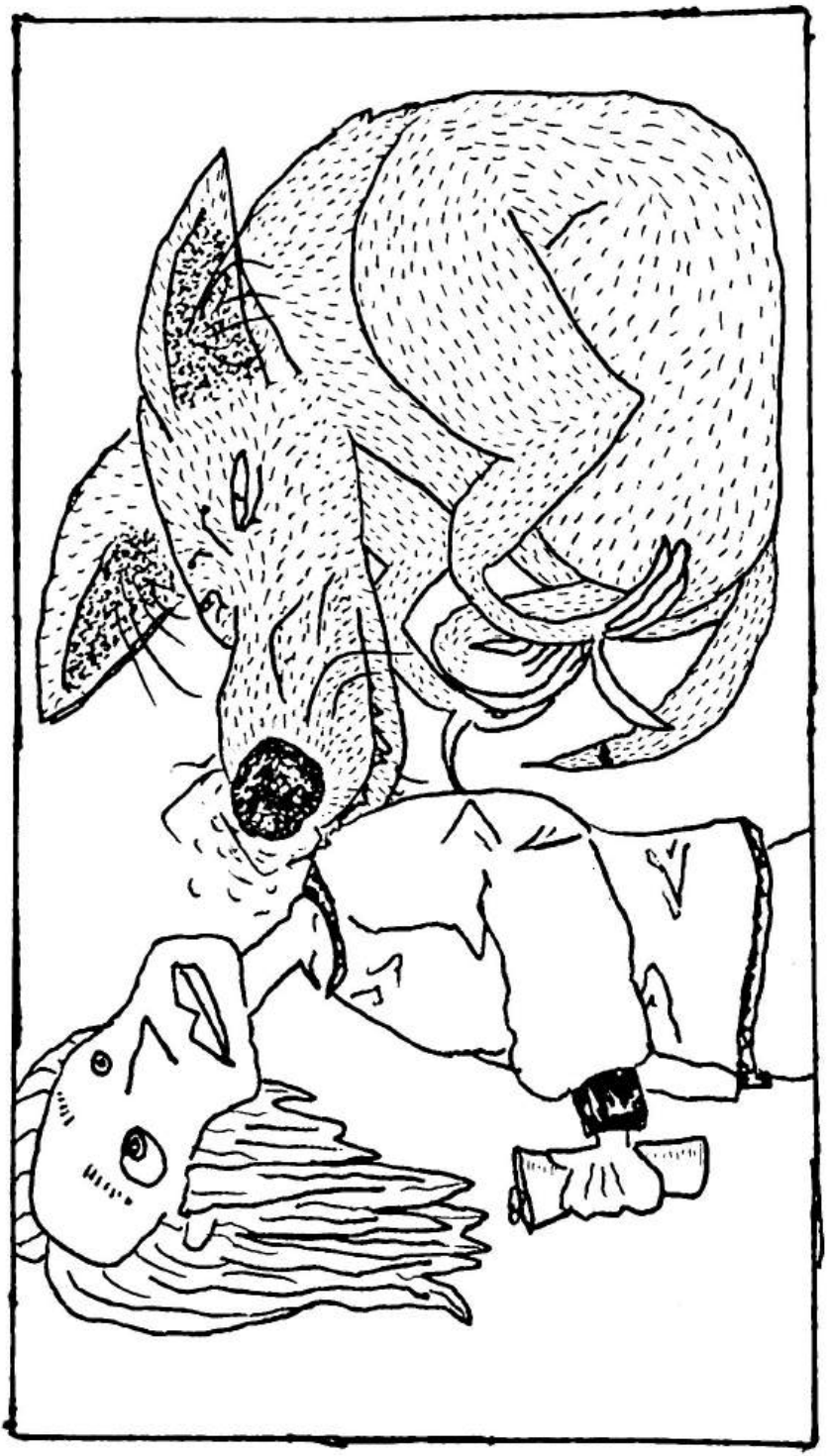


Time's Got No Place in Space
Dog tail's metronome
Left right roll over
Coffee table dust brush
Trained to sit on command
Loving mutts who bark at night
Mites on my eyelashes
Give me some of that space
Tick on the cat's sock
Boots coughs up a blonde hairball
I pick it up, incessant poor baby

First Hike Together



Last Hike Together



Some Seeds Never Grow

The black of night descends as the fox lays curled up in a tight ball. It's wheezing stomach reveals it's rib cage with every breath. Not far, the long tailed mouse scuttles cautiously between small rocks.

“Very soon indeed fate may toss me into the clutches of a mightier power. This I will fight all that I am able, to the absolute best of the ability that I have been given. Whether the sun rises and confidently confirms the absence of the space where I had known this life or the moon refuses my release by aid of her blue shadows, my spirit will not be defeated. Because it is Truth, I alone cannot effect the flow of the wind, ever pushing through the tree branches above.”

Then, thought is sharpened and obscured by a primordial shared memory. Needle-like tinges of reason and a feeling of weightlessness. Agony, pain and then a satisfying final unwinding, “Tonight I hear the wind as I have on countless other nights, yet it is on this night in this timeless instant that I witness it's calming child-like reassurance.”

Glorious pulsating mortification under a cloudy night sky, behind which the concealed waning moon whispers her silent song.

certainty honesty courage empathy listening giving active-love lifting

Denik PROTECT YOUR HOME

Role Model Role Call. COLIN WILSON 1931-2013
The Willing of Peak Experience

I look up to Colin. A prolific writer of more than one hundred books, both fiction and non-fiction, uses his voice to explore and acknowledge the incredible potential power of human consciousness. All his work that I have encountered echoes this beautiful idea that fundamentally humans have the power to will peak experiences, a concept first developed by psychologist Abraham Maslow in the 1940's. Maslow described peak experiences as “rare, exciting, oceanic, deeply moving, exhilarating, elevating experiences that generate an advanced form of perceiving reality, and are even mystic and magical in their effect upon the experimenter.” He believed these experiences happened unexpectedly as a reaction to specific moments in life, one case demonstrating this was from a woman who was washing dishes who suddenly turned to see her young daughter playing in a sunbeam on the living room carpet when she felt a sudden ecstatic unbounded love for life.

Wilson was fascinated with this kind of experience but strongly disagreed with Maslow in how the experience could be achieved (though Maslow and Wilson did meet and became friends). Wilson believed this feeling could be willed with proper concentration of the will. This extraordinary power of the will is the common theme in all his work.

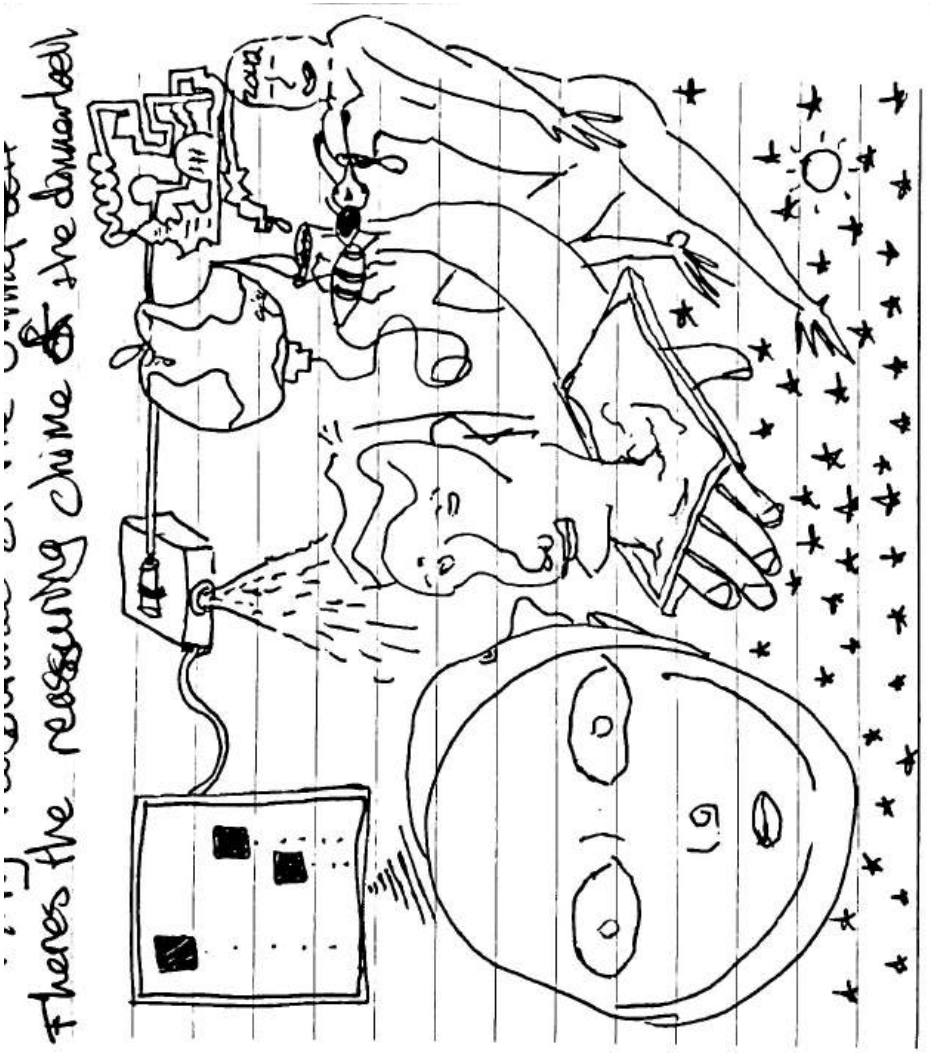
When I first heard Colin speak in an interview on his beliefs of the power of the human will, it struck me as true and I sought out his publications. The power we posses to change our lives is immense. Reading his work has been a great inspiration to me. I know recognize how people, whether intentionally or obliviously, form their experience of life by what they spend their time intensely concentrating on or by outright ignoring this power and never taking the effort to concentrate intensely on anything. I believe the will is not found in the head but rather a kind of fountain in the heart.

LIFE SPENT ERECTING INPENETRABLE WALLS

squirmin-yearnin
soda water/ salt solution/
moisture keeps/ life on moving/
brain fold/ schism peak/
chasm valley/ so to speak/
kill a cat/ birth a curse/
angels hatch/ worms in dirt

THE SLEEPWALKER WALKS AROUND WALLS

Cycles, rotations, spinning; this is our nature. We can measure and plot the small stuff but we will never define the mystical cosmic formation which we find ourselves in. When you wonder you find Gods, when you compare points you find an ego and empty pleasures.



I'll keep it short; I have been busy
and it has been feeling great.

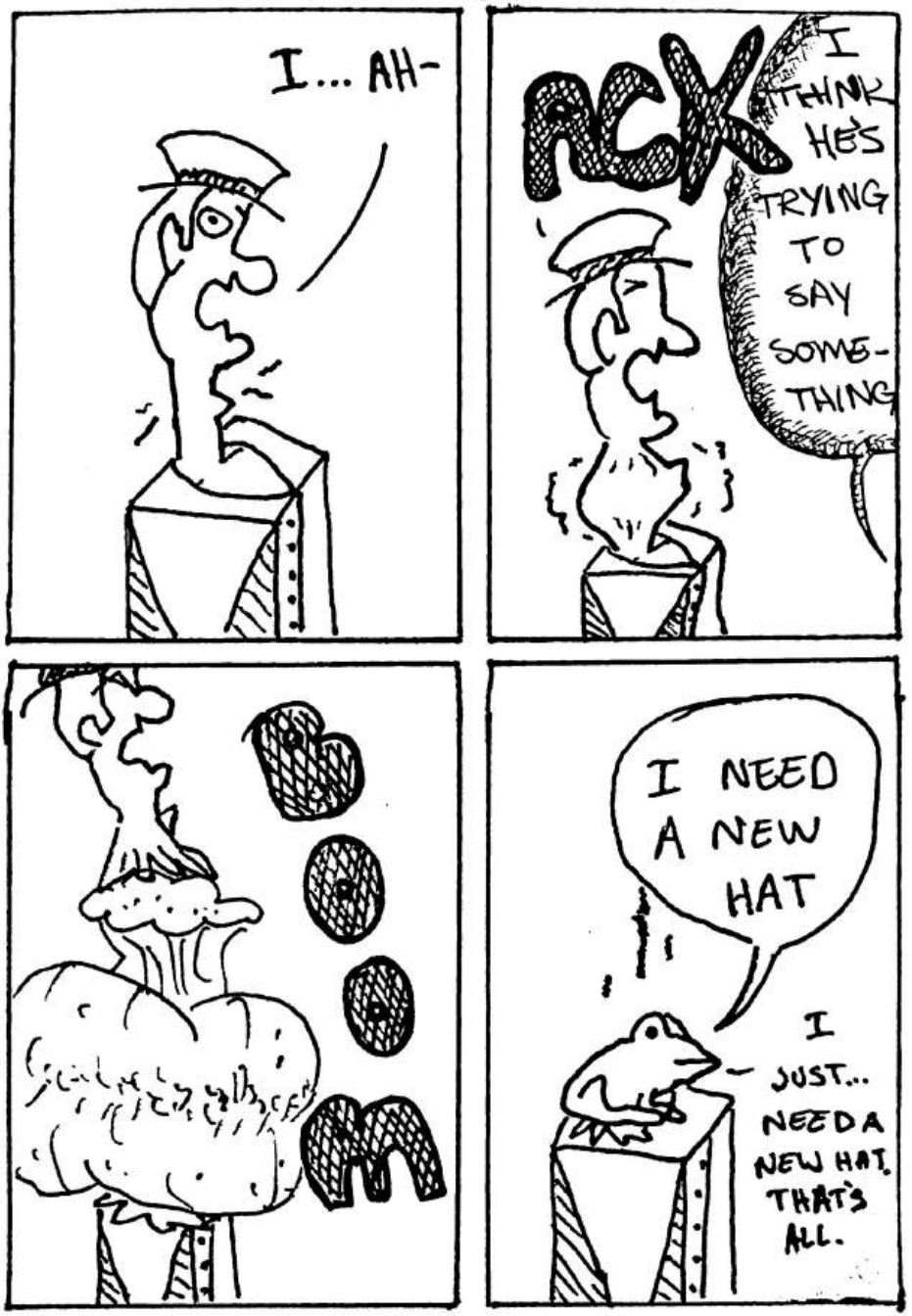
February the 4th. 1:05pm. 2024. Backyard, mixed nuts

Everything matters, and I love that I'm here to see my personal everything. **I will work on understanding what my everything is.** We have a great capacity to love, but perhaps "everything" should be interpreted as what could be reached within one's imaginal wingspan. Everything in your headlights, everything that is immediate and contactable. A moment is better spent with careful focusing on warming the hearts in your life instead of spending it wishing for a picture of whatever the infinite looks like.

Yesterday I said hey to +++++, I think
I saw a nervousness in her smile,
maybe I dreamt it right upon her face.
I think and I dream a lot of things.

We can't see the sea of endless stars that populate our universe, but we can still make out many constellations, and they are enough to give us insight. Because how can anyone even try to care about 8 billion anything? Are there limits to what we can imagine? I want to say I have a powerful imagination yet 8 billion threatens the limits of my illusory realm of dispensable love.

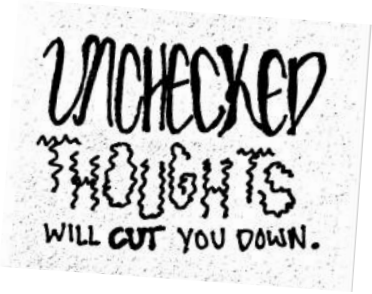
Knowing Ain't It
Lackluster and flawed,
could one still call them precious?
Beyond recognition or repair,
could one still call them precious?
In the purses of demons,
could one still call them precious?
Favoring vision in black and white,
could one still call them precious?
Call them what one wants
And to one that they do become.

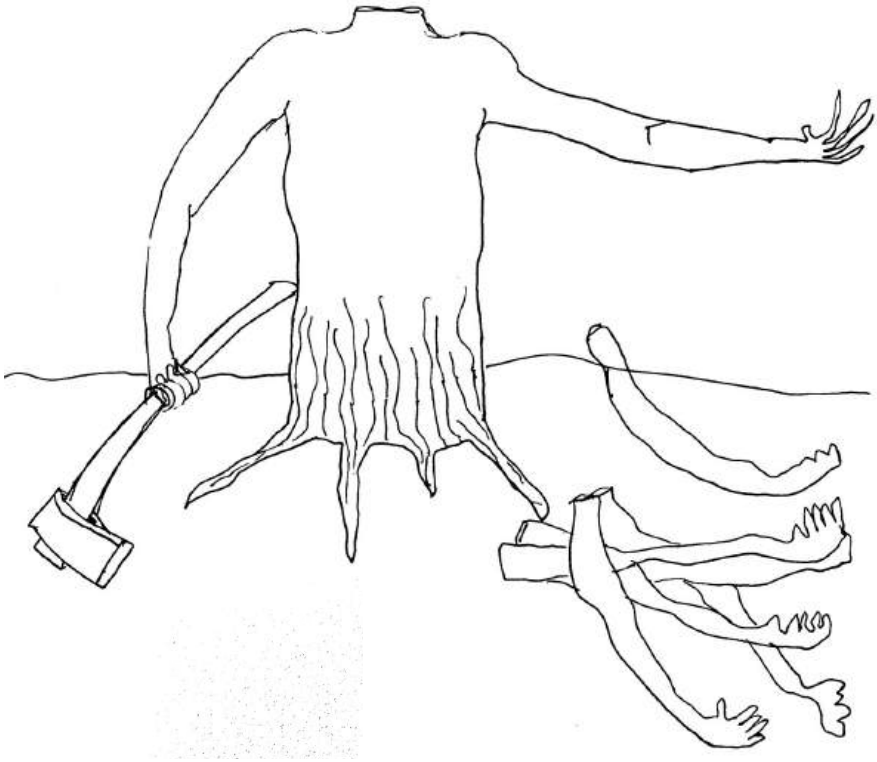

I... AH-
ACK
I THINK HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOME-THING
I NEED A NEW HAT
I JUST... NEED A NEW HAT. THAT'S ALL.

stubborn stomach listens to flashing radio advertisements while unaware of ailments that bones shake their head at, they get over it after seven years, seven raised hexagons on my back, I am the turtle dragging it's shell across the desert like a shooting star in an otherwise starless night, the big moon the only illuminated rock I see, the glaring eye that sees all and never weeps and I wonder if she's anxious about us making a demand on her geography with our prying hands, worms don't deserve anything yet this is the dirt we feed them and they die and turn to dry rubber after rain, will my guts do the same if I never allow for rain.

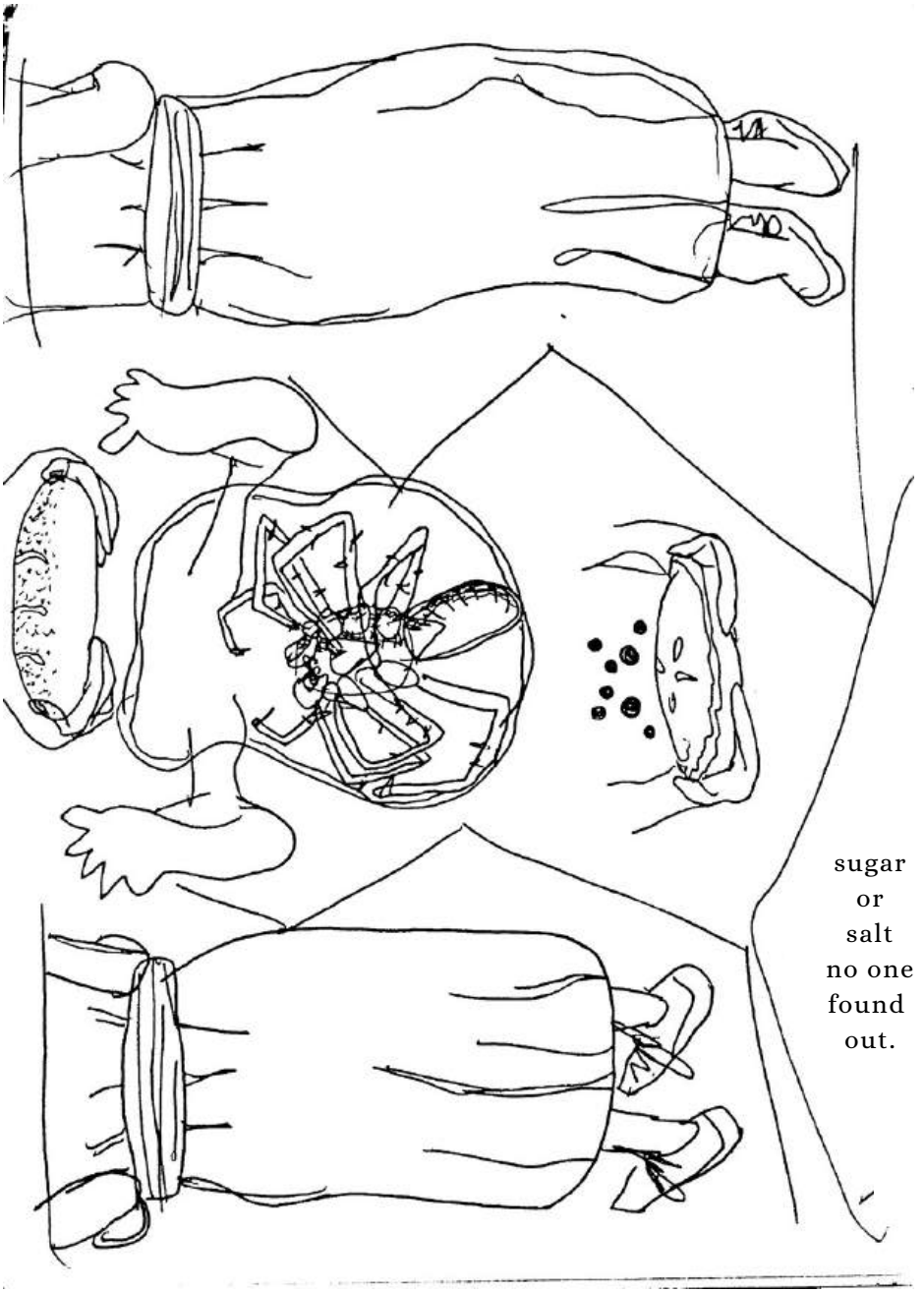
BOOMIN FOOMIN'S

Looming Human Heart



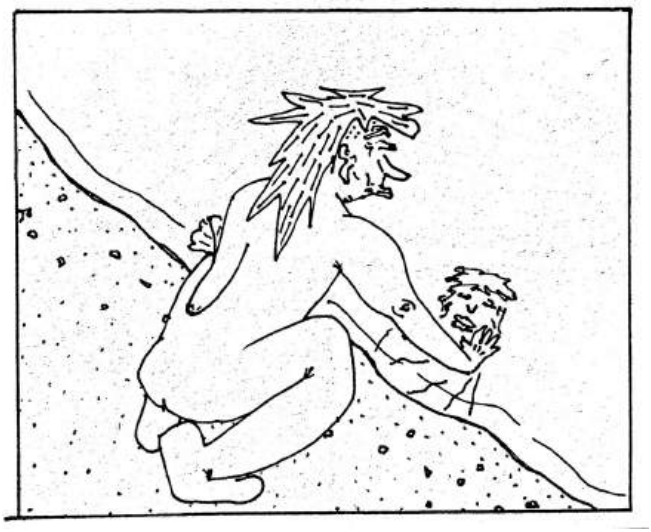


Monkey Wrench the Mind Issue



sugar
or
salt
no one
found
out.

In an upcoming conversation you will notice a popular figure of speech come up. Someone will have a big heart, a heart of gold, or a broken heart. Something vital will be near and dear to one's heart. One might follow their heart or proclaim their heart goes out to a loved one. A heart will skip a beat, the heart of the matter will be discussed, or one may have a heavy heart. Someone will be young at heart or you may take something meaningful to heart. The senseless things we call love and emotion find their way to be expressed in language and life. The brain can't do it alone. Imagination and metaphor are significant nonsense that I believe shed light on what is at the heart of being human. Welcome to ***Boomin Foomin's Looming Human Heart.***



gripped torn ripped tugged / from mud placenta wigwam huts / cast in the ocean of air / invited to be fluid for this time / not a concern of biology/ a concern of color/ a concern of climate and will/ Ignored bones will chill arteries/ it is warm prismatic water in air that moves us/ we must allow for violent rainy days/ newborns are water most of all/ the leaf lets go when the dry wind blows/ we roll out until the tide wanes/ into the sandy shores on Earth/ while we are red ochre painted/ we will feed - as all life feeds - on blood

The luminous antenna protruding from each of my eyes receives a curious signal from my new lover. Wonder and awe rise then release like a drain plug being pulled in a bathtub filled with a self propagating bubbling fluid. Expansive geography from atop a high mountain, my song is hummed by another. I fly through the clouds until my sense drops me to the street where I become a satisfyingly physical.

She knits in an old brown recliner, it's flaky cracked faux leather. It's odd dusty smell, the tiny high pitched squeaks as it rocks, all familiar. We sit together and breathe sour milk. No hair in this house. We haven't eaten in forty years. It's time I point this out.

"We haven't eaten in a while."

"Are you hungry?" The squeaking stops and she looks at me. Clouded brown eyes, like an old family dog.

I answer honestly, "No, not really."

Her needles click back together and the squeaking resumes. She says quietly into her needles that she used to bake all sorts of sweets for me. But now they make me sick. I notice the sun coming in through the window.

"It's nice out. I'm going to sit outside."

The backyard is quiet and green and sunny. My rising and lowering stomach fits neatly between my suspender straps. I watch the leaves on the orange tree. Shaking and dancing in white and green, the glitter gets in my eyes and I cry. I let the world spin and encompass me like a speck of snow with a mountain rolling around it. This is what happens when the hill levels out, motionless, pale and blue, out of breath, cold. I still hold in my heart that special blessed place, that dreamnook I hollowed out the day you were born. I filled it with rubber and meat over the years and maybe that is why I cannot eat anymore. I slide my tongue over my ceramic teeth and think about the blue power ranger action figure I had as a child. I preferred my stuffed animals.

I continue to watch the dazzling leaves, I listen and they tell me things I already know. I know I should be grateful. I know I should accept the things I cannot change. If I were given another go at it, I would have done things differently but I don't have another go at it. No, not at the moment. But I've also learned that moments never last too long. I could melt and evaporate into the clouds and see her again at the top of the mountain. There are playful solutions as easy as rain falls to what I thought were stone absolutes. How long have I perpetuated that old winter chill? The sun was here all day, I see it reflecting in the leaves. Her irises come out of the leaves, I haven't seen them since I was a shameless child but I recognize them here now in our backyard. I know I'll have another chance, and that this will be enough. Soon, very soon, we laugh together about this now.

WANT A BITE?
YES BUT
IF I TAKE A BITE, WILL YOU MARRY ME?
HA. AND WHAT FINGER DO YOU PLAN TO PUT THE RING ON?

MAY SOME DREAMS NEVER COME TRUE.

blowing around the park grass on a sunless March afternoon, 2025.

Mosco

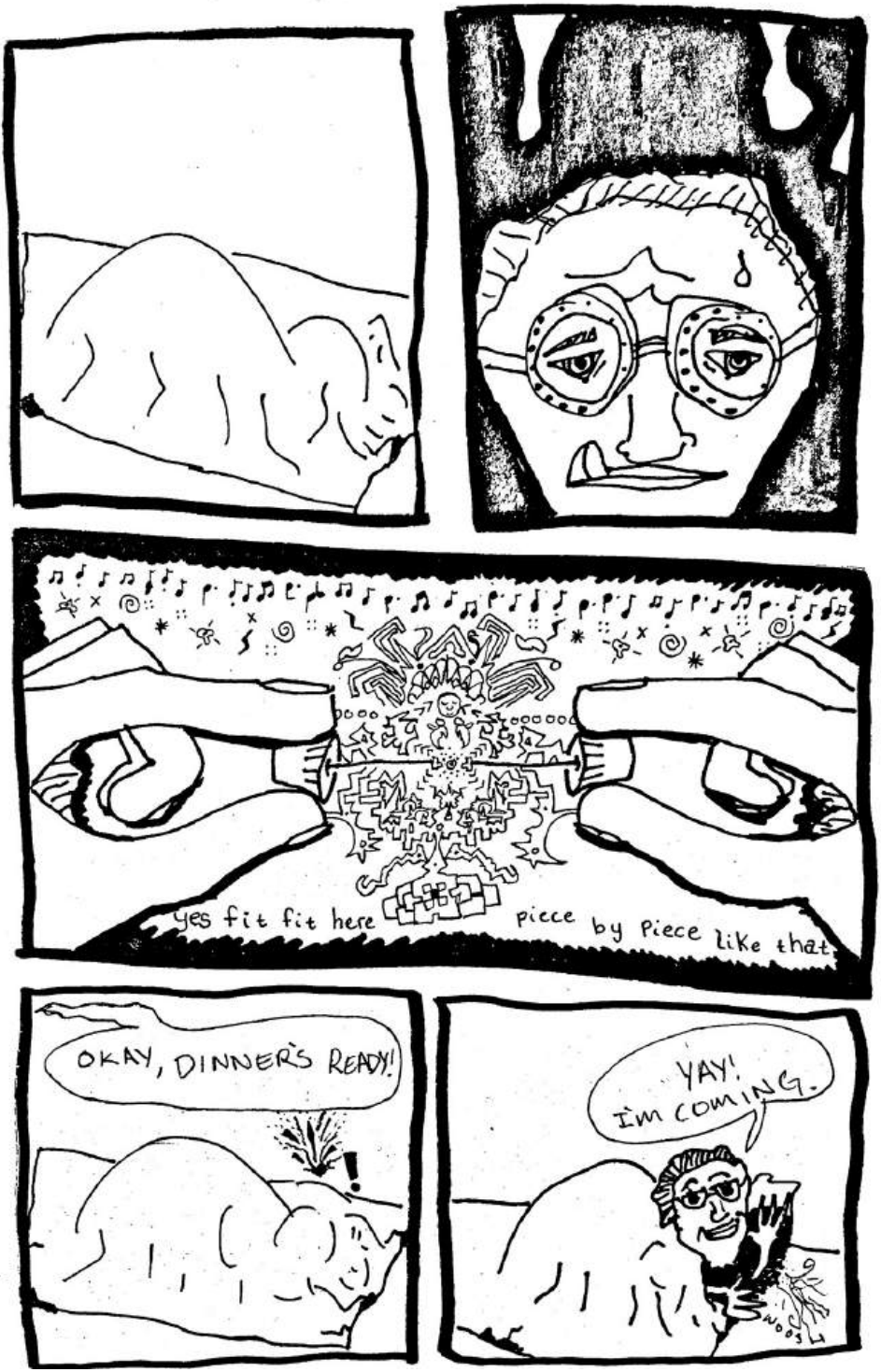
Alie I know i [redacted] up okay? im going to change i still love you. i went to your game Because irelized how stupid and controuling i was and im sorry Your my everything and i cant live without you, im not going to let us just Break up Your my everything i love you so much. im going to work on myself i Promise. Dont worry im going to change i should of listened to you the first time you said for me to chill. I love you Alison

im not going to just give up

Please take me Back

im going to change okay?

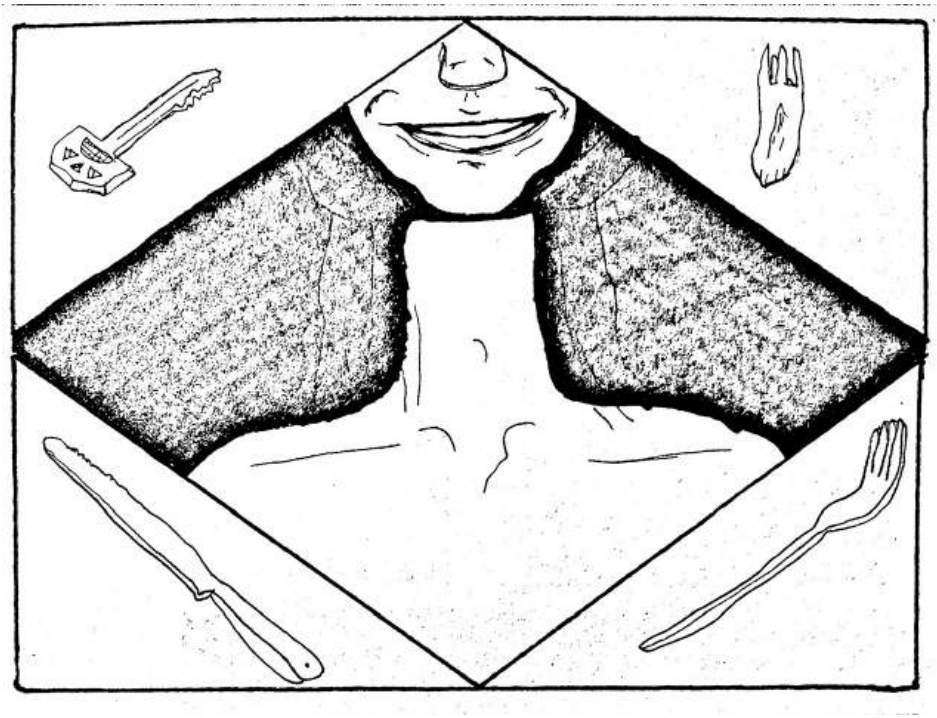
-Liam


yes fit fit here
piece by piece like that
OKAY, DINNER'S READY!
!
YAY! IM COMING.

naming points meant to define experience and motion/ yet in life we will continue to stumble/ if precise measurements could carry the weight of our world/ there would never be an unexpected blunder

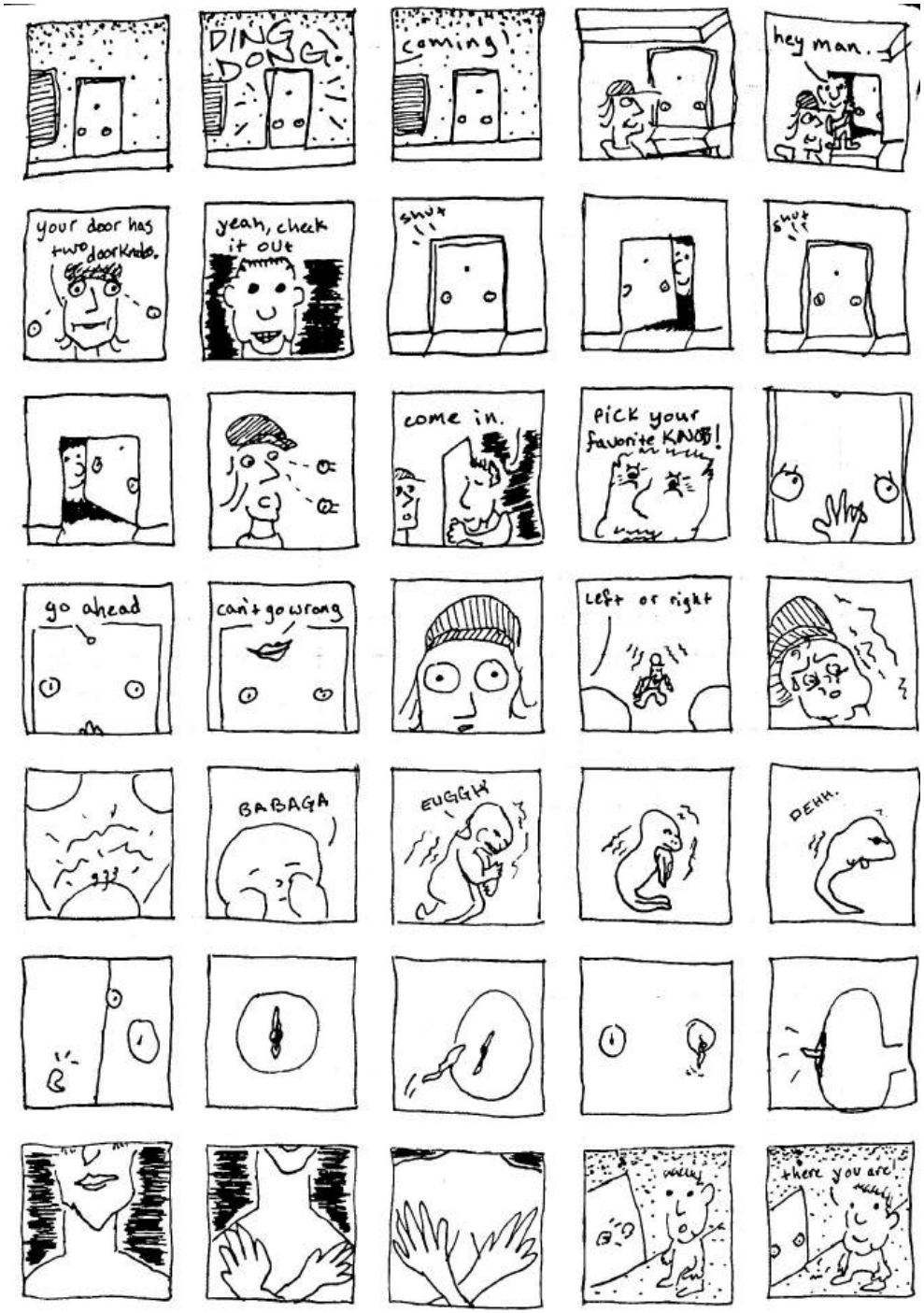
HUNGER W/OUT SATIATION

the Past rebounds like a planet/ momentous swinging gong ringing life/ love and war brought you here/ novelty that pearly clouds continue to poise/ within raging molecular rule/ then you noticed strings pull at collarbones/ stomach writhes like a worm/ memory beyond this life still persist today/ scenes in other peoples eyes



Edward Abbey (1927-1989)
Make a (monkey) fist and bring it down.

At 18 years old Edward Abbey set off on foot to travel the American Southwest and felt he was, “getting close to the West of my deepest imaginings, the place where the tangible and the mythical became the same” and perhaps this is when his life's task became apparent: to praise and protect the existence of that majestic wilderness.
His writing style is bold and provocative. His novel “The Monkey Wrench Gang” inspired the extreme ecological activist group Earth First! In the 80's who made it their duty to sabotage, or “monkey wrench” deforesting equipment. The Earth First! group has been called eco-terrorists but Edward would argue that industrialization and the environmental demands of mass-scale technology is the greatest terrorist threat against the planet in our history.
He is not a Luddite, claiming that the development of greater technology is actually important for mankind, and many useful marvels have come about by our technological ingenuity. He does not believe we should stop all technological use or progress, on the contrary, he thinks we should continue striving for the stars with our technology, literally and metaphorically. What he argues against is the increasingly high quantity of industry and technology that he witnessed in his life and continues to grow. He does not claim we need to lower our standard of living, but instead learn that a simpler life, one that values a more intimate and relationship with the natural environment is a high qualify of life in itself. Simpler does not mean worse. Calculated advertisements have ingrained a product-centric myth that tells us otherwise. I have felt the inspiring wildness while gazing at mountain sized clouds or while observing a line of diligent ants. Therein is a strange and vitalizing feeling both alien and recognizable. I admire Edward's love for the world and his boldness to speak of it with authority. His words reveal the tattered heart of a man who has lost something greatly important to him, but a man who has not lost his faith in man.


DING! DONG!
coming!
hey man.
your door has two doorknobs.
yeah, check it out
shut
shut
come in.
pick your favorite KNOB!
go ahead
can't go wrong
left or right
BABAGA
EUGGH
DEHH.
there you are!

To Make a Living

I'm not upset about unexpected expenses
You must give some money every so often
to enliven, gift, and enrich one's life
who's time good health has forgotten.

You can fuss over who gets your funds
or spend solely on stomach or eye
boycott and fund-raise to your fiscal extent
All material matter wilts in time

You must exchange some life to make money
Stealing, while fun, is not sufficient.
So I choose to enjoy spending this life
at the cost of this greedy moment.

Give it the meaning it is not meant to have
wash your hands after each handling
to rid the green stain one must remember
that gifts are not fit for gambling

In debt, but there's always a hole to rent
when imagination is fed like a furnace
then so I'll know nothing can be lost
In the house-fire my good will is insurance

Somewhere I read that when a child was asked why mountains exist they answered, **“so we can climb them”**.

3rd of March 2024 2:58PM.
80%.
Gray windows.

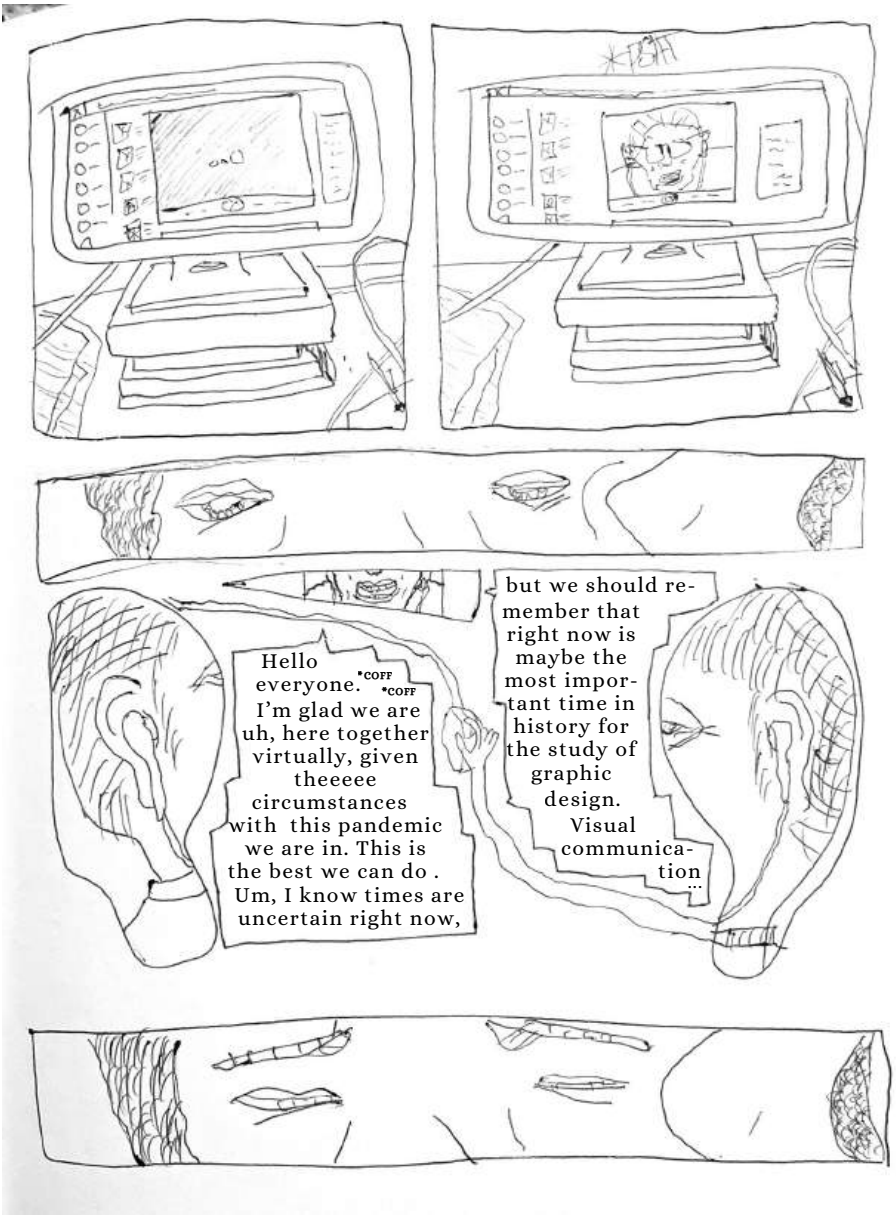
Sometimes I feel like I am on too much of an “improver” perspective. Like to a point it has become selfish. It’s good that I’m working on myself but I think now it is time to concern more of my intentions toward helping others. I’m at a place where I can do that. I will be on alert for opportunities at work to help coworkers. I should treat my friends better and be more giving and outreaching. I have time and energy to work on myself and my hobbies while also helping those around me. I care about these people and I should show it more, that’s what I mean.

My mom just told me a tragic story. Her co-worker just lost her husband. He was walking on the side of the road when a car hit and killed him. He was the father to their two year old daughter. And years ago, this same woman lost her first husband who was the father of their five year old daughter at the time. He was murdered. She lost two husbands and two young girls lost their fathers. I understand how hard it is to believe that things happen for a reason after something like that.
The story weighed on my heart. Tragedy and uncertainty and pain must be part of life. We will never understand heaven’s laws. I will always believe that things happen for a reason. Miracles and terror must each have their mystical purpose. The world will be unpredictable with it’s violence and weight. But to be defeated, so long as one’s heart continues to beat, will always be a choice.

There was a dead cat on the street in front of my neighbors house today. It was black and white and I told my mom there is stoopcat’s cousin.

If the right words float between us (her and I), I will find them in the air, like a frog shooting it’s tongue out at the right moment to catch the black dot buzzing around it’s head to satisfy it’s organs. The right words can do the same. Warm satiation.

Intimacy/ Illustrator/ Let's make a hole/ In this net/ I'll drop anchor/ Color picks you/ Everyone could be/ The main character/ By design/ Each life we draw/ on curved vector paths/ We must not delete/ Save me for later


Hello everyone. *COFF *COFF I'm glad we are uh, here together virtually, given theeeee circumstances with this pandemic we are in. This is the best we can do . Um, I know times are uncertain right now,
but we should remember that right now is maybe the most important time in history for the study of graphic design. Visual communication ...

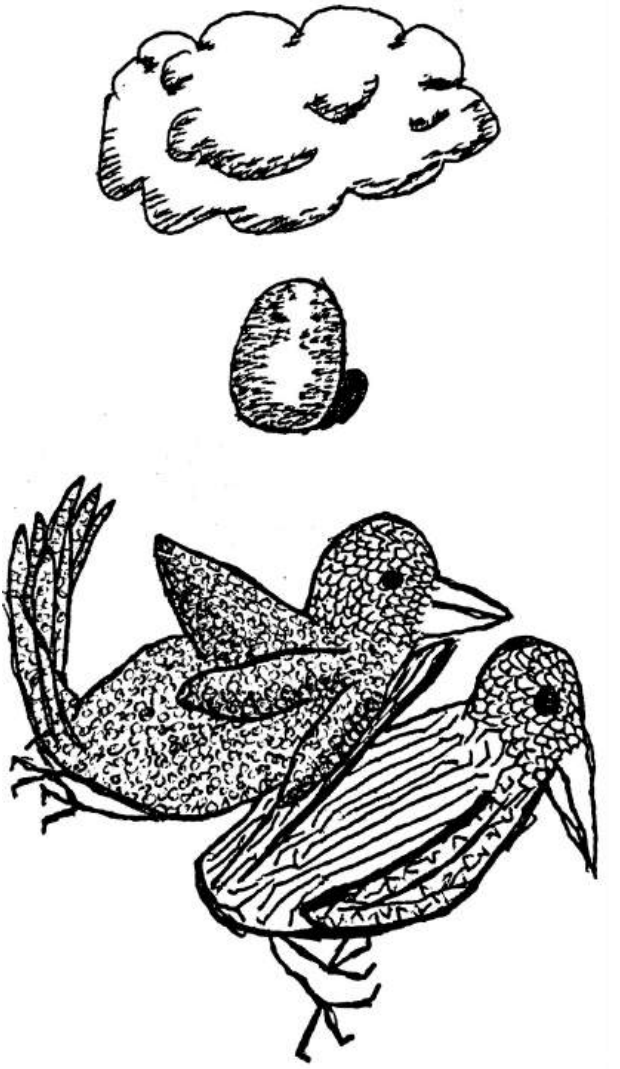
Stow away safe and sound without
notice to the crew and captain
amid open skies or seas
unpredictable as the shape of
child's knee scabs replacing the
skin with what's inside, unearth
the heart on your sleeve, the
stowaway breathes out an
improvised tune immortalized
between petrified floorboard
planks and playful dolphins
respond with chirps and squeaks
in their oscillating flight below
the bow while above a stern man
twists the bottle-top cork and
thinks of the last woman he's
kissed a world away from this
liquid that demands a new
perspective on navigating through
a place we call home but beneath
the comforting paint, plotting, and
labels proves to be an alien world
unimaginable and uninhabitable
by rational thought alone, so man
will drink and seek, yearn and
sleep in bobbing thought vessels
on her rolling sky-mirror.

March 2025 @boominfoomin

BOOMIN FOOMIN'S

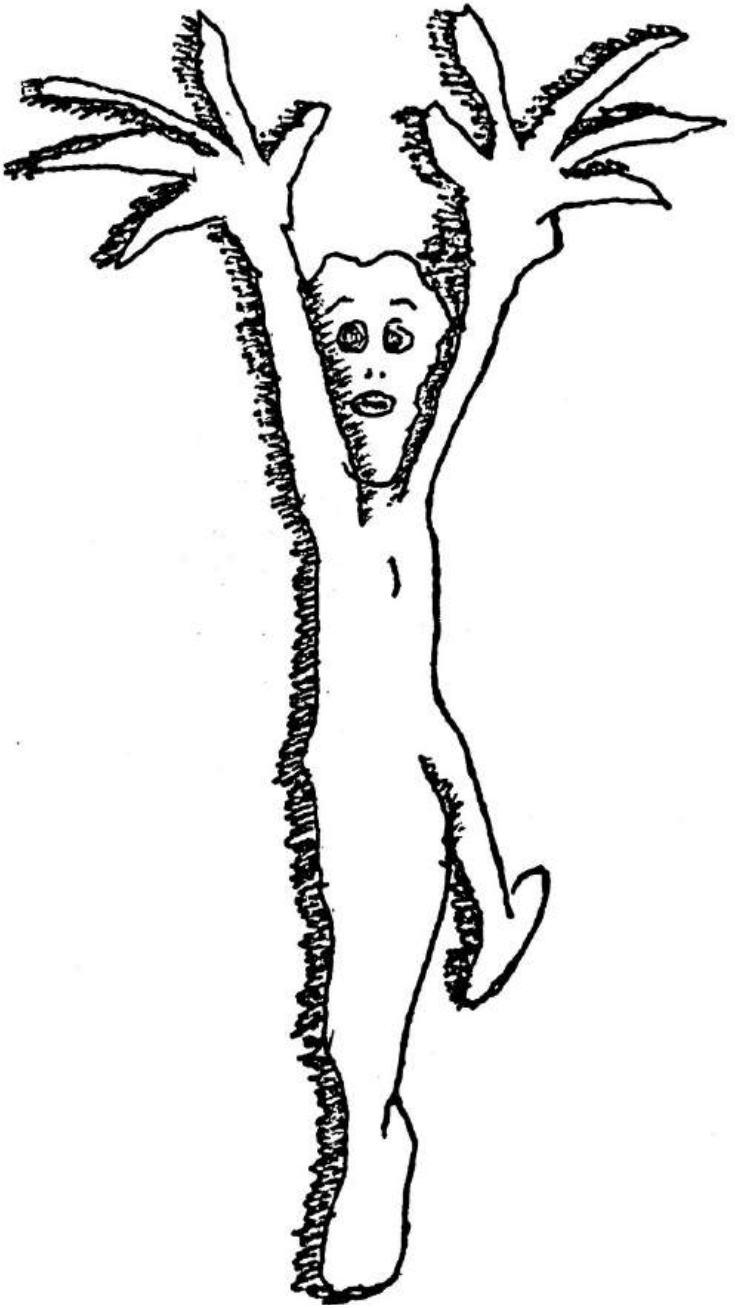
Looming Human Heart

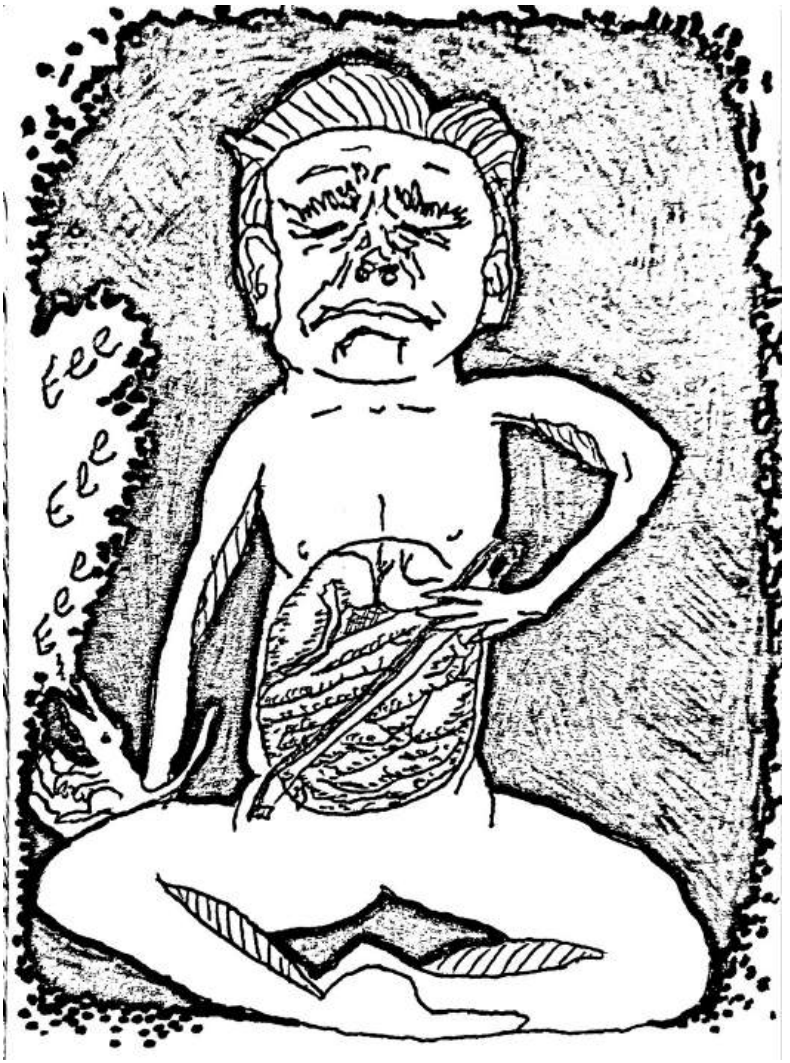
There is no reason
that could take away
my egg shaped hatching feeling.



The Issue with Heights

SHOOT



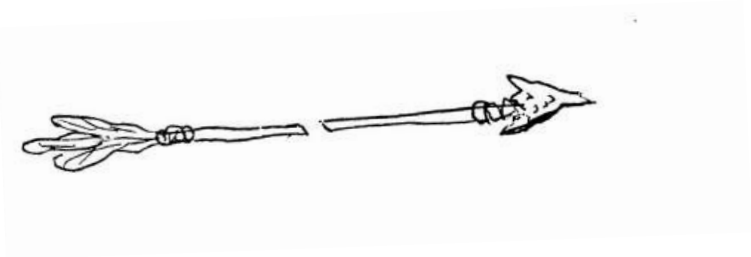


Nature seeks to unite the divided and divide the united; a desire to push and then pull, pull and then push. This is a game inertia. The swirling whorls between this interaction results in all of life's novelty. It is our choice to agree or disagree with our plight. But it is true that nature never goes too long without providing light. Like every heart, ***Boomin Foomin's Looming Human Heart*** was conceived from nature. Let's play along with that illogical game. Join the wild chorus.

Embers. 2

14th Street is muted by the February clouds. I am walking on the sidewalk downtown to an unimportant destination, somewhere to be yes, but not necessarily. There are exciting gales of wind that the opposite sidewalk-walkers squint their eyes at. The promise of rain amuses me and I laugh to egg the weather on. Then I notice her. ++++++ wearing a pomegranate lipped smile that agrees with me from a thousand miles down the road, one heartbeat away. The time between us, once unsteady and infinite, now rocks to a gentle gait, affirmed and measurable, distinct with a beginning and an end. As we draw near, we fall into place and welcome each other into the fire.
"Where are you headed?"
"Home." She says and soothes my flighty tendrils with an encouraging laugh. I was accepted as rain began to fall.
So you still live around here? Really? Her black blanket hair was flying and frizzing and the electricity projected my voice, "My cars right here, want to get out of the rain?"
And suddenly it's quiet and calm and personal and intimate. We continue conversing over our laps, our voices taking turns. Over her thighs my eyes remind me of past so-called lovers' skin that attempted to imitate ++++++'s mysterious goose feather pillow contours.
And when we are caught up on each others surfaces we pause and listen to the rain against the roof and windshield and the splashing cars on the road. If it wasn't today, if it wasn't gray and rainy, if I hadn't slept as good the previous night as I had, If I had stayed a few extra minutes at work today, if I hadn't got this job, I wouldn't have had the opportunity. Now was the flood and her whole body soaked the regret and promise and recognition of my words.
“I'm glad you're here."

The moon was between us until I poked at it with my fingers and realized it was paper-thin and we tore through it and touched each others snake skin hands that smelled like wet sidewalk concrete.
"Will this last?"
Was she drunk? Through the passenger side window, standing with his face against the glass was S+++++'s father, face wrinkled, uncertain, concerned, love behind his dad mask and he looked at me and as hard as I wanted I could not soothe his unbecoming state and I too was at a loss, I looked at my shoes and remembered the rabbit. Thinking on my feet, I picked up the dead rabbit from under my brake pedal, I tied a pink ribbon around its tail and was immediately embarrassed at this sorry display and pretended it wasn't me that had done it, cramming the rotting thing in my jacket pocket hoping ++++++ and her father would pretend they didn't see it out of politeness.
She was ambivalent. I am the reluctant mediator, her dad has his hands in his pockets, I laugh but it sounds nervous. I'm unsure and ++++++ pulls the collar of her shirt over her eyes, hiding herself, hiding her tears. I'm left alone with the man who stands on the other side of this transparent mirror and we share the same pained anxious expression because we asked for this life yet we do not accept it. He laughs nervously.
The ceiling fan's rhythm slowly comes back into focus and I feel my cool sheets.



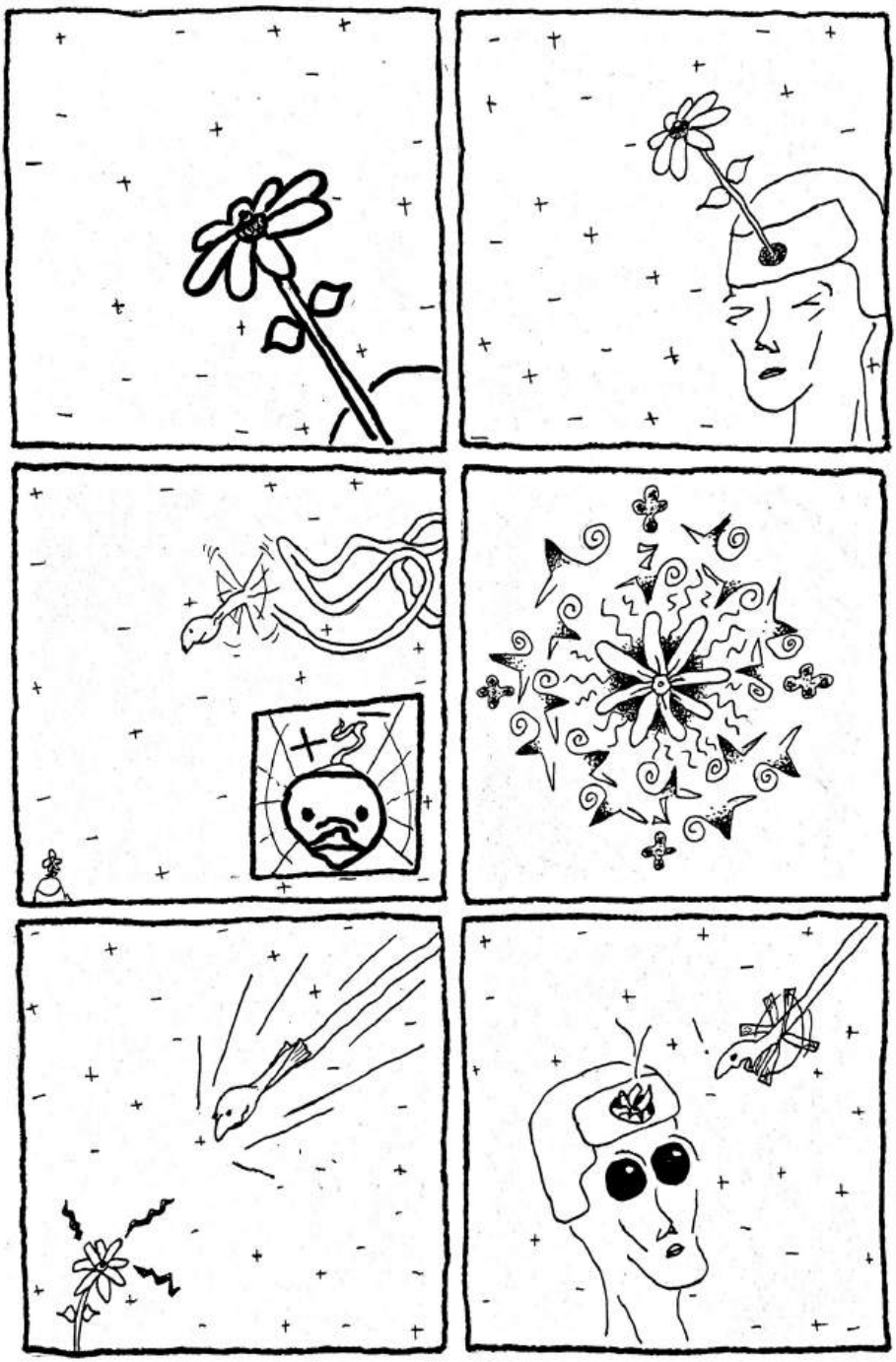
Life is One Long NDE

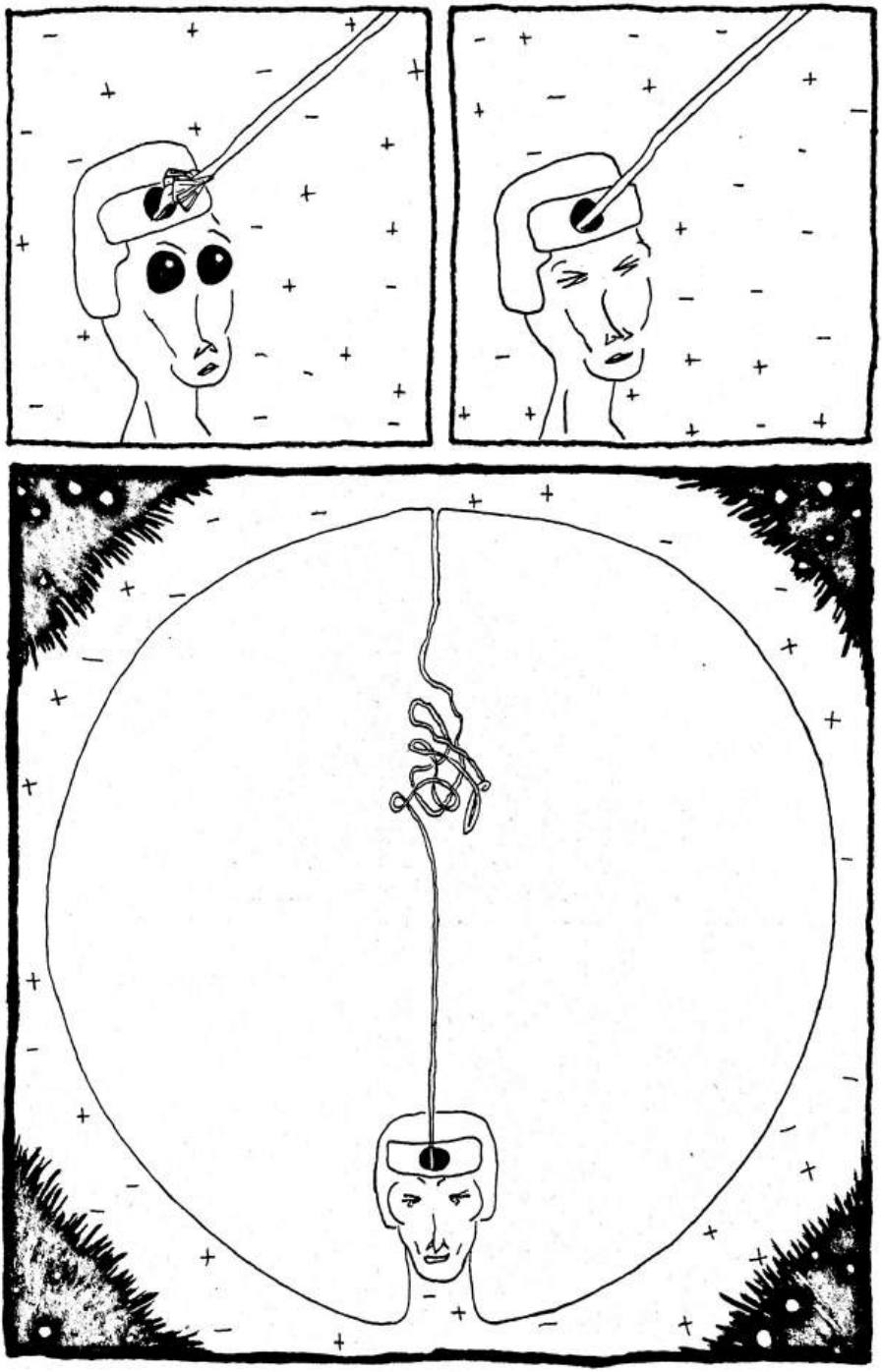
We have ribcages and skulls and a thin layer of skin. We have immune systems and white blood cells that do their biological best to prevent disease. Medical intervention and a consensus of pacifism prolong our lives. We rest assured in our preventative safety measures. We witness conceptually endless examples of long lives around. Lives continually being lived out in elderly homes, technically speaking.

But any given day a storm cloud *could* form, and we all know it. A small bug can carry death. Organs can suddenly burst. Cars can jump curbs. Rain may take a devastating hiatus. The innards of Earth may twist and transform it's surface. Despair can manifest. The sun can flick a whip of fire from it's raging sea.

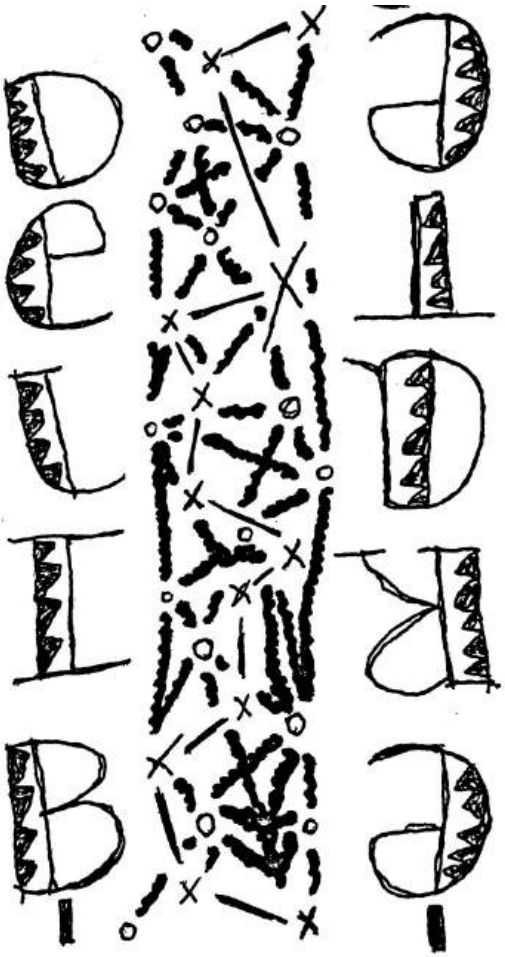
The silence between one heartbeat to the next is all the time we have here. We can imagine a long life in that brief pause and many of us will do so. As long as lightning bolts are capable of brewing in the sky and we are there to imagine it's impact, we are constantly experiencing a near death experience. And this should be realized as a cause of positive action, a motivation to pursue and appreciate our experience. **NDE's bring the capacity for spiritual breakthrough.** A brush with death allows us to see the sacredness of life. Let us not ignore the fire in the storm clouds.

every body of water
pulses with purpose
reveals the threatening sound
turn in tune with those ultimate magnets
tumble-bumble lighthouse spinning rhythm
impossible to conceal
still bell crystal ball vertices
light speck languages twist and reflect
in reptile fog made to evaporate
let sing those sputtering baby-babble rivers in you
witness ball lightning that discerns belief
encouraging – consider her fire
electric image potential that is the blinding sun
molten star army-angels
listening from that colorless sea
I descend to new land every morning
every morning – a fresh body of water
Her magnificent flood potential
evolving chanting growth-spurt choral – I stand in





The poet makes an intentional decision in every word and every line break. Nothing is accidental. Even a thrown open thesaurus requires a choice discerned. The word becomes deliberate once the artistic decision to use it has been declared. The poet drew your name from the hat. Names are not accidents. You are not an accident.



John David Ebert (1968-Present)

In the plethora of branching information we have access to today, the consumer is given the option to build their own worldview. Skepticism should drive exploration and discovery.

John David Ebert's YouTube channel consists of hundreds of low-resolution videos of this bald headed man talking about philosophy, mythology, art, and culture. He articulates his speech with unusual hand gestures and this is what first stood out to me when I saw my first video of his in 2021.

I soon found myself engrossed. The expansive topics he covered, particularly his original research on prehistoric man's worship of the dead, along with his exploration of the cosmology of Rudolf Steiner who's thought is otherwise impenetrable to my interpreting, and his understanding of an afterlife that takes into account a broad scope of mythologies and religion, were so refreshing and encouraging to me as a young man who was beginning to grow sick of the nihilistic, hedonistic, overwhelmingly scientific materialistic world view that was all I had known.

He has curated and consolidated a lot of incredible informative and I look up to him for his profitless rigor in the name of sharing ideas he believes should be known. His work can be quite enlightening and when it's not it is at the least very entertaining.

I think it's ridiculous when he claims he has talked with the spirits of dead philosophers through a medium. But maybe it takes a ridiculous aspect of ones personality to be willing to venture into these fringe ideas and I am not upset that not every idea of his lands with me. We must not follow to closely to any mentor, to imitate is to lose one's identity.

CAFE
LARRY I'M LOSING IT I TELL YA, LOSING IT!
I THINK YOU WOULD OF FIRST HAD TO HAVE POSSESSION OF IT TO LOSE IT.
HAHAHAHA HAHAWHAWHA
LARRYYY
HELP ME

THAT'S ONE LONG FACE THERE
GERG
HAHAHAHRAHAH
I HAVE TWO GIRLFRIENDS
IT'S AWFULLY PROBEMATIC
CAN I BORROW YOUR MAKE-UP?

I can't stop eating from the personal stockpile of snacks in my room. It's like my body is making up forth the 46 hr fast I did earlier in the week. I had a full pint of "fake" ice cream (instead of dairy or sugar it was made with egg yolk and erythritol) after a dad-made dinner of chili cheese dogs.
I just finished watching the first disc of special features from Twin Peaks' 2017 reboot dvd. Only now watching the special features do I realize I have checked out the 2017 reboot pt. 2 without seeing pt 1. It felt pretty hard to follow but I chalked that up to it being twin peaks.

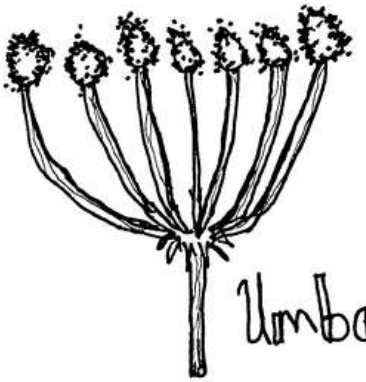
My arms itch. So do the back of my legs. I rake my skin until **tiny lumps** raise from the pink red derma-soil, alive, resisting my assault.

April.27.2024.Sat.8:46PM

I'm grateful to have found Jonathan Richmond recently. The music has fueled me, like it existed so I would find it now and let it toke my whipping fire. I like the imagery of embers. Capable of growing back. Burning potential. I owe creation a high spirited output, so long as it comes naturally. There are **children slaves harvesting mushrooms** on this episode of Batman the animated series. Who is the villain? I ate too much. Dark paths open when I feed dreamless stationary clouds. What a nightmare to see static clouds. They have to tease death before every commercial break. As if the train will actually hit the child. The sewer king is the villain? who?

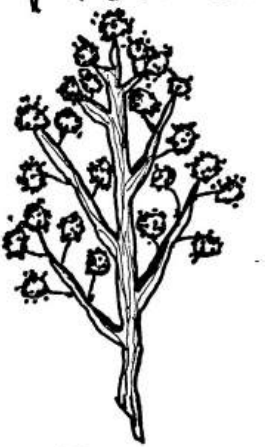
The two young ladies I helped today,
The two young ladies I helped today:
One bra-less, a tight white shirt supporting squashed breasts together and failing to conceal (or succeeding to expose) the dark titular centers and the other who wore black on top of her white skin, more skin than black. Nature seeks harmony. Jolly jingle songs.

Batman is fighting giant crocodiles. The sewer king calls them his pretties. That hot sundae that swells and winks against my will. Bring the children to the light. There's always more to consume. It's my point of view no matter how I address the inner-jury that loves to hear every new angle, flooding my bones with their new cells of hammer chiseled justice in the eyes of the court (me). To court an angel cake. I can't sustain a steady diet, there are too many meals to try and enjoy. A new layer of color on the same canvas. I don't want to throw out anything. That's my problem. Fear can't rule where the children play in the sun. Air comes and goes, I'm learning from its sacred secret. So much to say on my phone screen. Too much to eat. Dust on the frame, farts in my couch, girls take showers, why do I save this nonsense.



Umbel

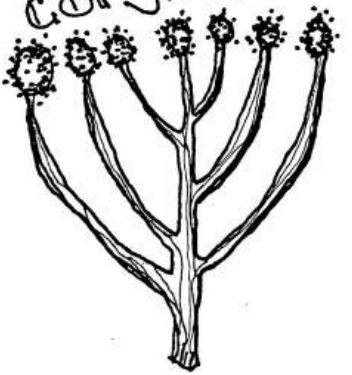
Panicle

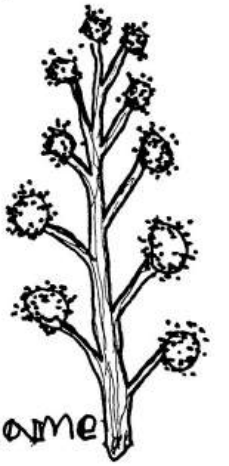


inflorescence

the playful names of branching patterns.
how are you blooming today?

corymb





racame

I busy myself searching for bugs under rocks;
for we all start small, but unlike bugs we
depend on others for survival until one day
most of us will stretch out and learn to crawl
and play by ourselves while retaining that
dinky dependency that never totally leaves
so we search for new mothers and daddys to
latch on while asked to compete in global
sugar exchanges that are muddled by
commercial electric smog funnel clouds
spellbound on breeding with anxious wooly-
haired eyelash mites while too, forked
tongues promise father's pride at the end of a
ladder that grows five feet with each birth –
someone watches, she who notices the
twinkling moisture in our eyes fashions her
bones into a cloak that fastens nicely around
your thin waist and then she provides a push
on the back and off of the precipice we
venture; let loose to fall, but be assured most
birds will fly, and all will cry out the pattern
of their insides as song, but without wings
we may still choose to dive and in doing so
will find liberation to always have been a
wax seal in the imagination that can be
peeled with zest like an orange, scratched
and stripped by hungry chitin beaked
fingertips, either behemoth big or tadpole
small, passing down experiences that fall like
snowflakes on their playful warpath – here
to learn the pit is a seed and only then we
allow ourselves to drop while we are here
and open our mouths in spewing and praying
and dying and catching frozen crystals,
fragments to the whole, those silent
messengers of meaning provided by the ether
that melt on tongue's warmth, returning to
us again becoming one, becoming blood.

April 2025 @boominfoomin

BOOMIN FOOMIN'S

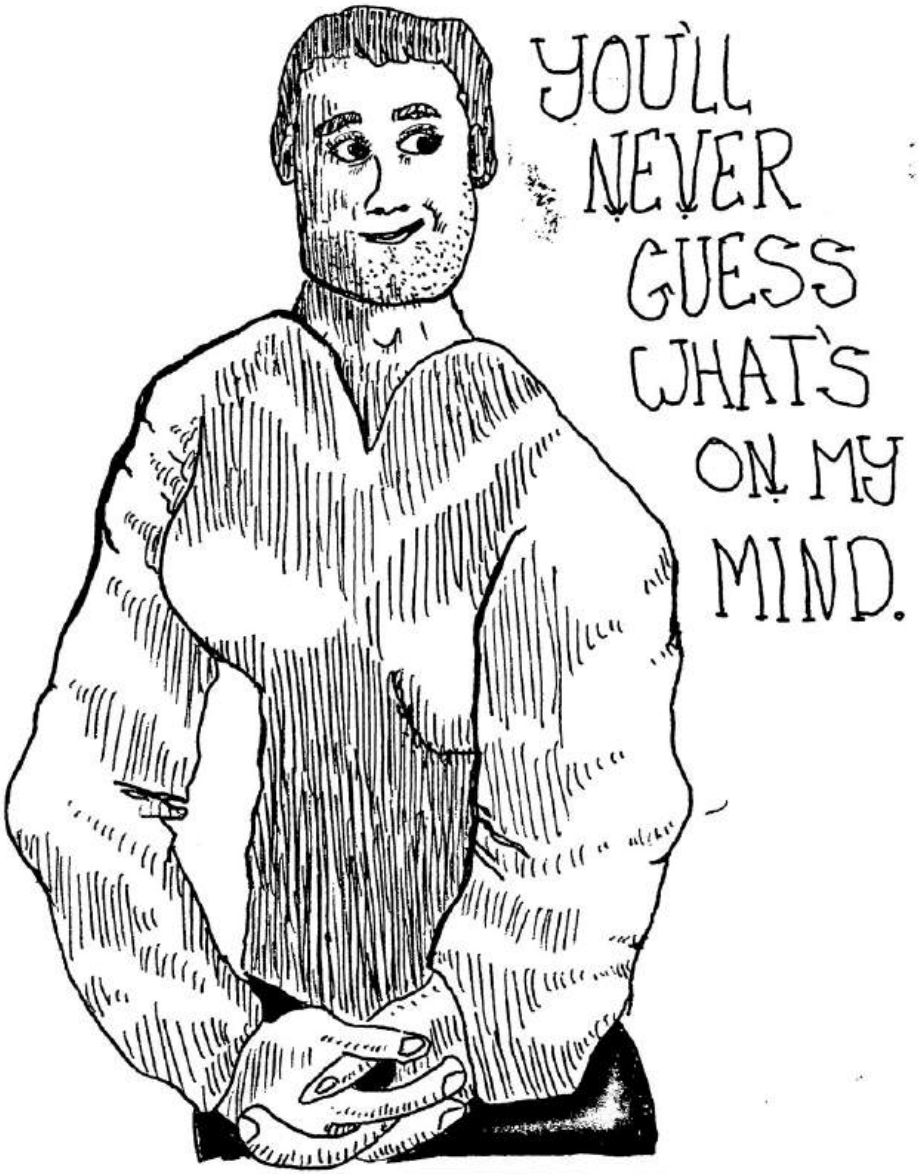
Looming Human Heart

Reflexive Self Calibrations

I AM DRAWN TO

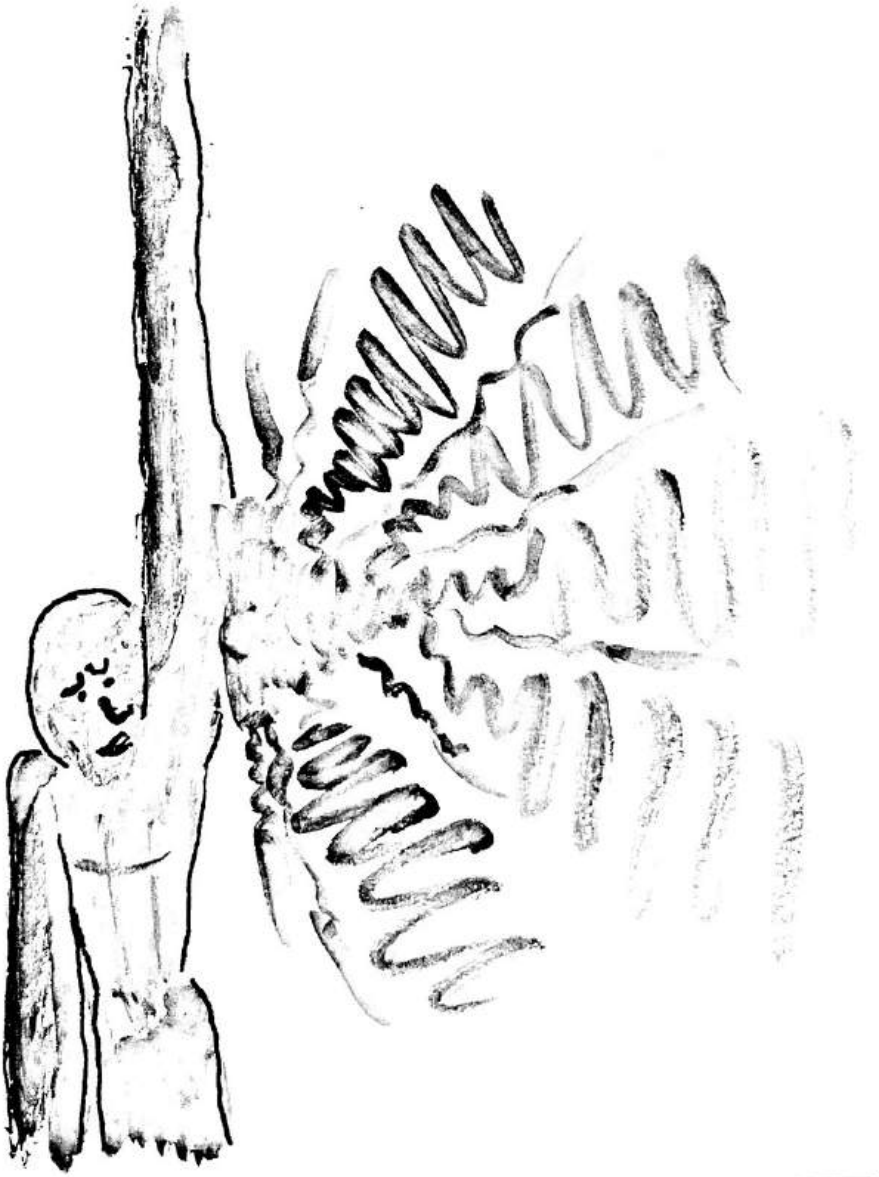
Today, ***Boomin Foomin's Looming Human Heart*** is in your hands. If you look closely, you will see yours too.

I AM DRAWN IN


YOU'LL
NEVER
GUESS
WHAT'S
ON MY
MIND.

THEN ILL CLICK
PRIIIINT.
TIPPIDY TAP TAP
THANK YOU!

SMELLY

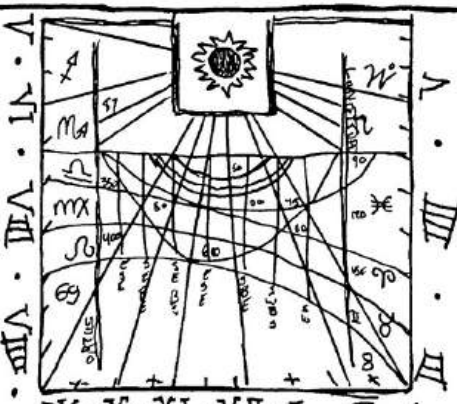


YOU LOOK TIRED. YOU SHOULD GET SOME SLEEP.

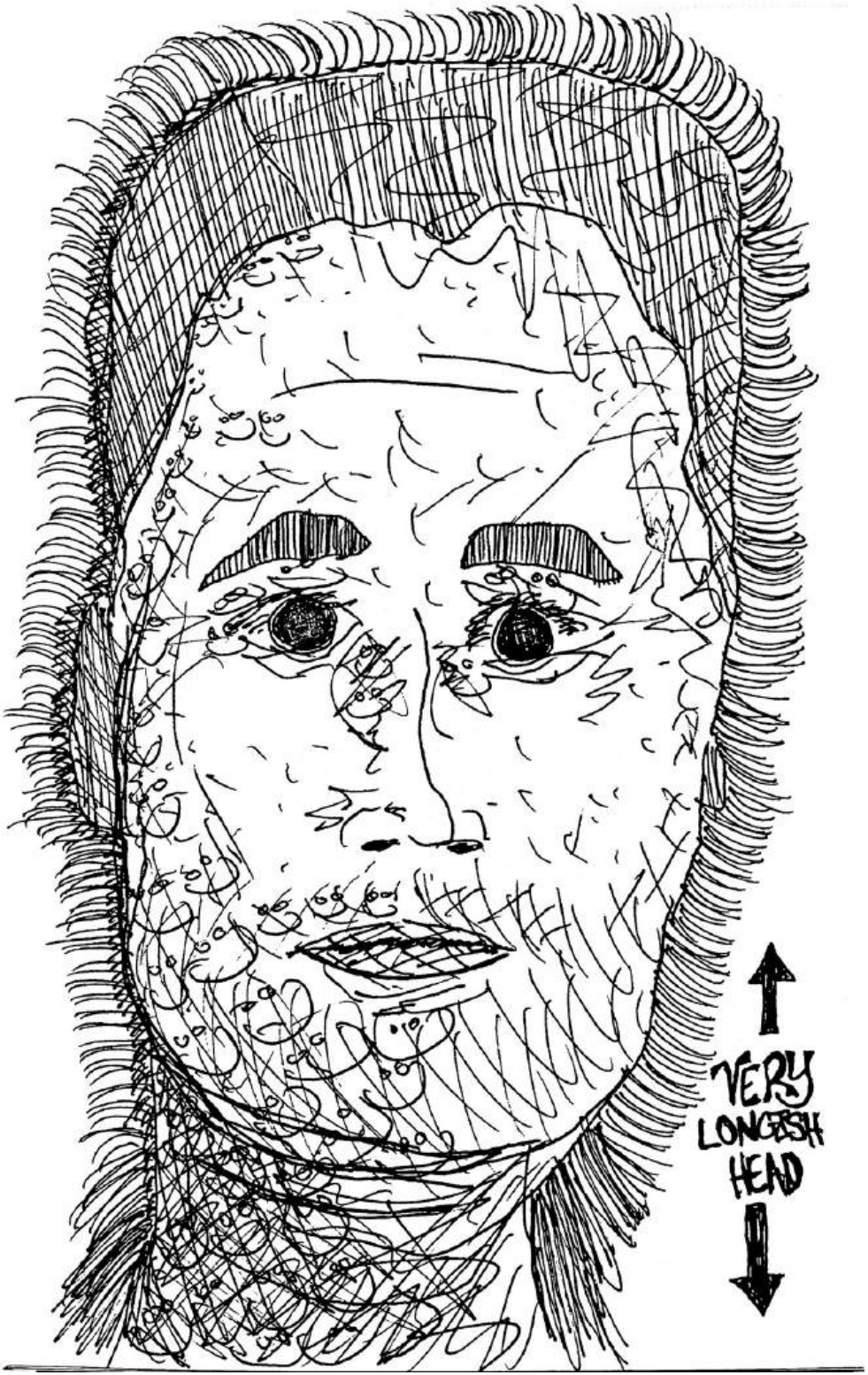
YOU'RE RIGHT! I AM TIRED.

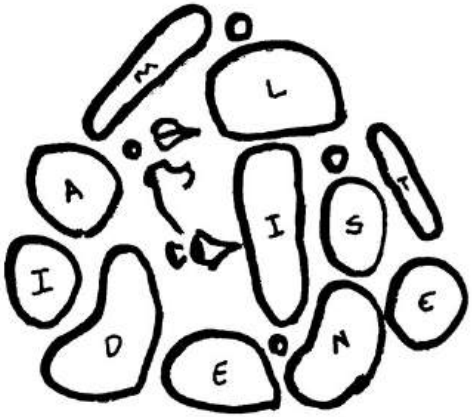
ZZZ

EXCELLENT. NOW I CAN THINK ABOUT HOW TIME WORKS.



YES. I DON'T KNOW.


VERY
LONGISH
HEAD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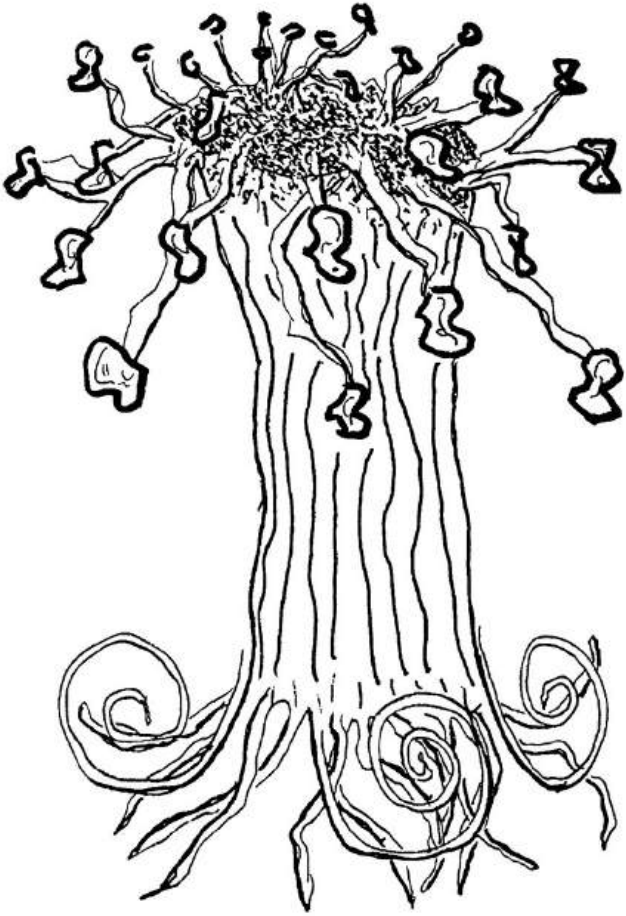
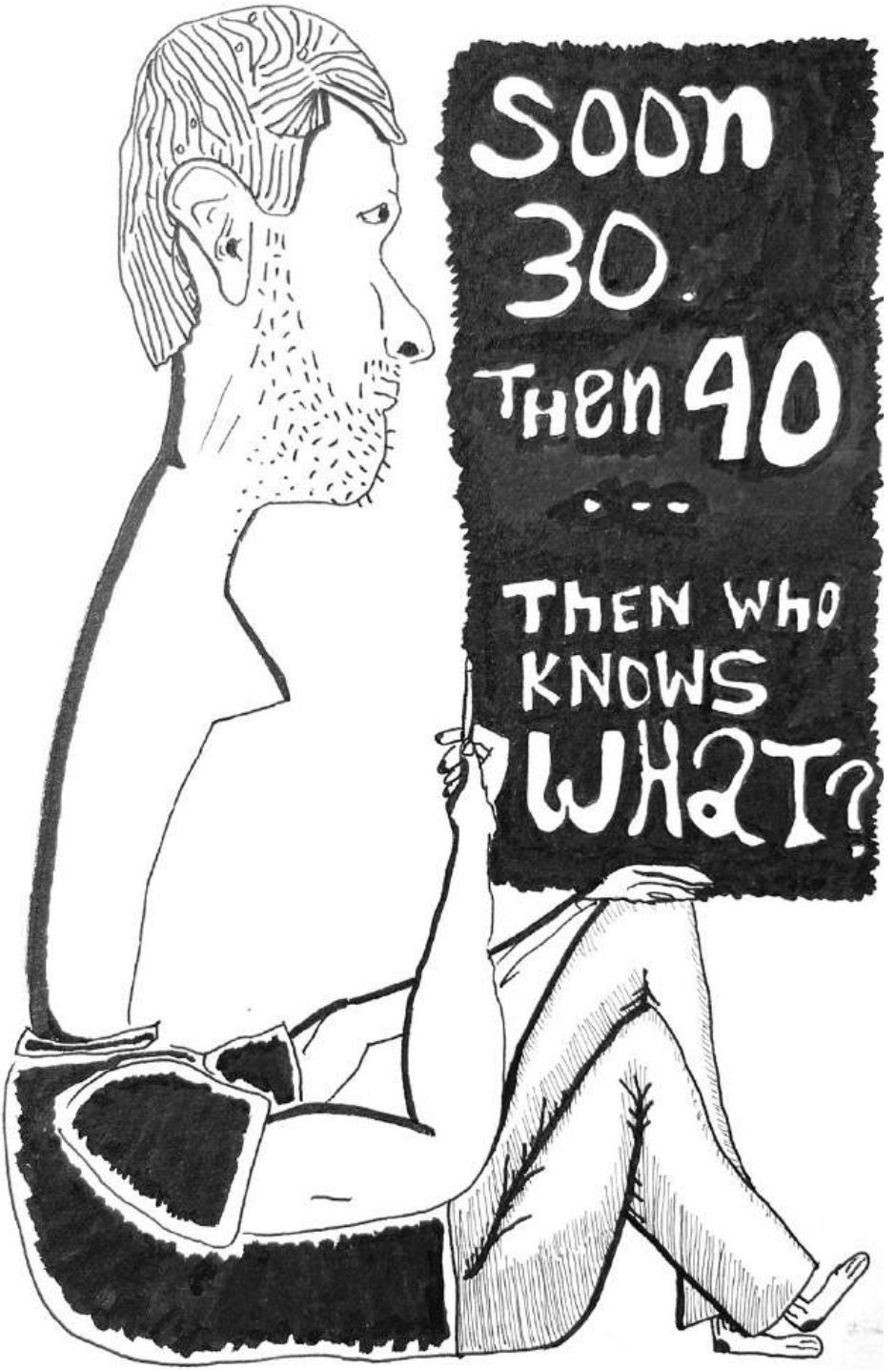
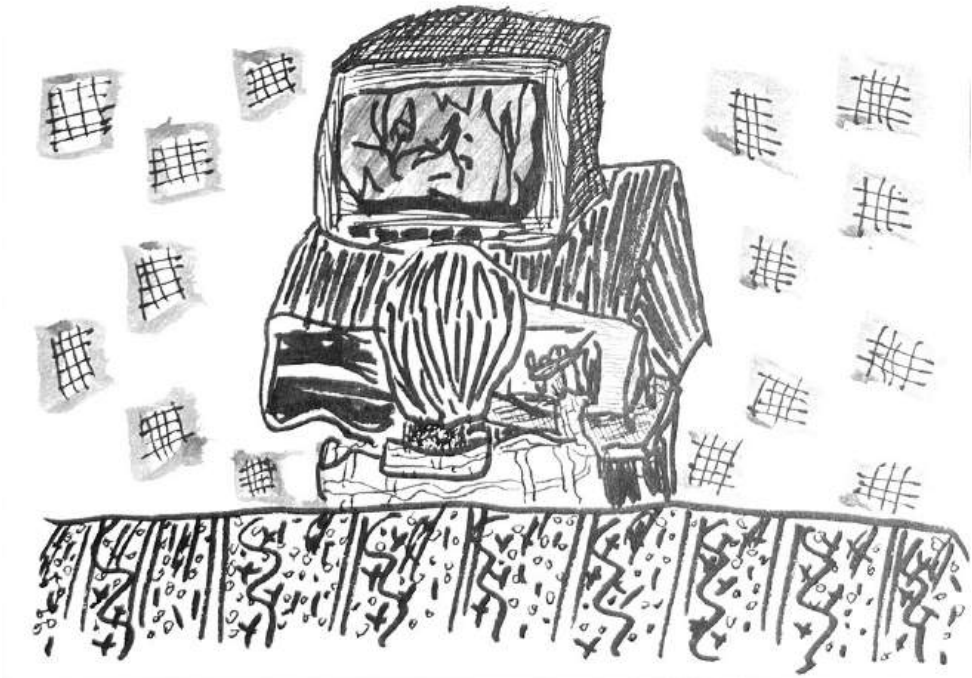
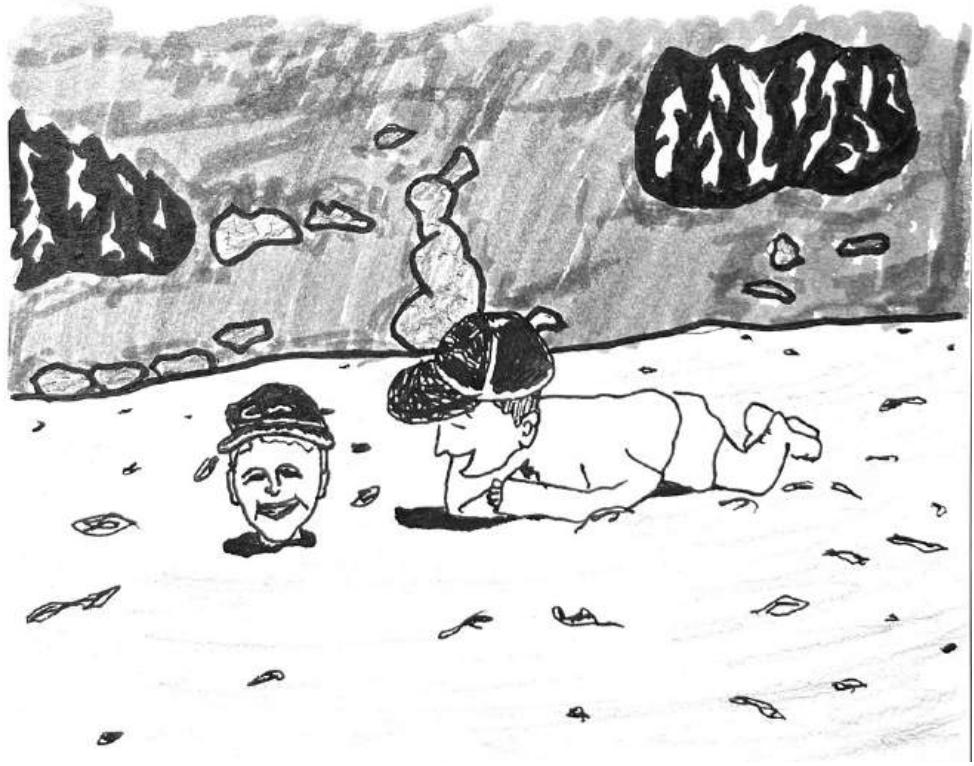



SOON 30.
THEN 90
...
THEN WHO KNOWS
WHAT?





YOSHI'S ISLAND
TM

DON'T
BE
SHY

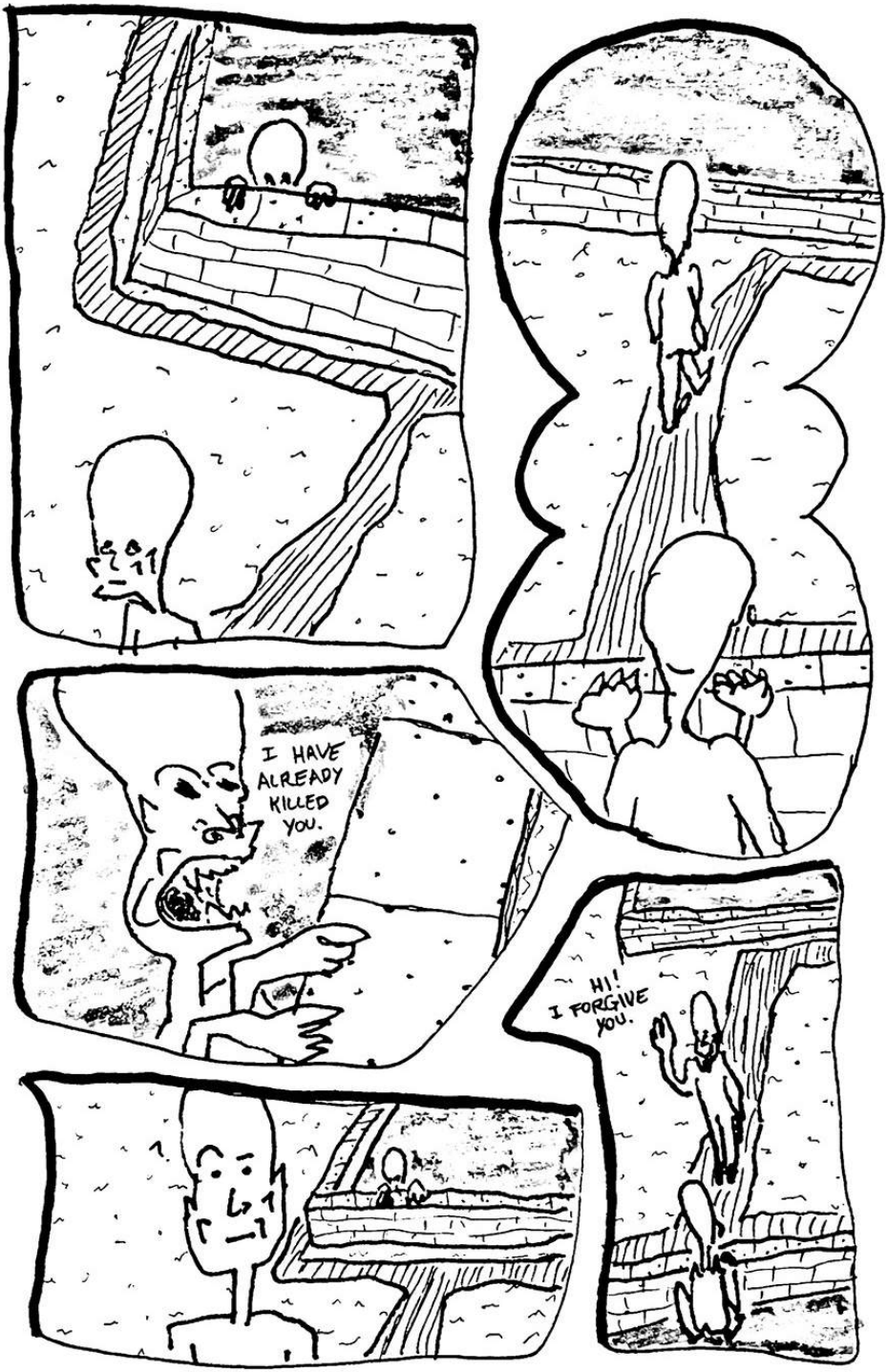
HOW

May 2025 @boominfoomin

BOOMIN FOOMIN'S

Looming Human Heart

I am my audience - Issueless


I HAVE ALREADY KILLED YOU.
HI! I FORGIVE YOU.

A small pebble breaks and falls from the heaven-piercing cloud-crowned mountain peak. All pebbles tumble along the great mountainside until the moment they plop into the black-green ocean below that no pebble has returned from. The pebble is ***Boomin Foomin's Looming Human Heart***. During the sporadic tumble, one may be tempted to measure every perceivable factor (mass, inertia, density, air resistance, velocity, angles of rock) to form a relatively accurate prediction of the exact course the pebble will plummet. But under that mystic cloud-crown, there will *always* be unperceivable factors that one could never predict.

We do know every pebble is on the path it must take and we know where it will ultimately end, with a tiny splash. So why not watch in wonder? Let it fall. Enjoy the air as you topple. And why be frightened by the mysterious depths? That water is our inheritance. I choose to believe that below the surface of that black-green ocean, pebbles dissolve into self illuminating medusas, totally free to share light and warmth in their ever-destined home.

Embers 3.5

Why was this time different? No, this wasn't right. She sits across a table, maybe we are in our desks in fourth grade. I was picking on you, mostly in retaliation against you picking on me and so here we are at the small fake-wood desks.
We are older and nervous, the kind of nervousness that can only come from quiet adults, sitting hugely in tiny desks at evening and we had beers or mixed drinks and you wear black and look down at hands held tightly together in your lap. You and your black bangs and black eyes and glowing canvas completion with flesh-tones brushed on top.
In sixth grade on a vacation I will see a toddler whose face resembles yours at a tour of a cave. I was supposed to look at the cave, but I looked at her parents and wondered if they were your family or if the little girl was you. I felt sick during that tour. She is here now in fourth grade. Here at the desk we can't start or we've tried and failed and are afraid to restart.
This is the trouble. We each need someone stronger in our lives and neither of us are willing to look at ourselves, we are too enamored in the other. Not looking inward for a lover who would scoot their chair away from the table and stand and declare plainly that their shins hurt. I try but my chair's legs have dug in the blue-gray carpet like roots in the crack of a boulder. I may not be strong enough to even budge now, but if a dragon had flown into the room at that moment, I would have risen my self-forged glass sword against it. So it is said in a picture book (or cave wall) with those scribble illustrations that make me inexplicably nauseous.
We are here, so I try to reach her. “What can I do?"
"It doesn't matter." She says.

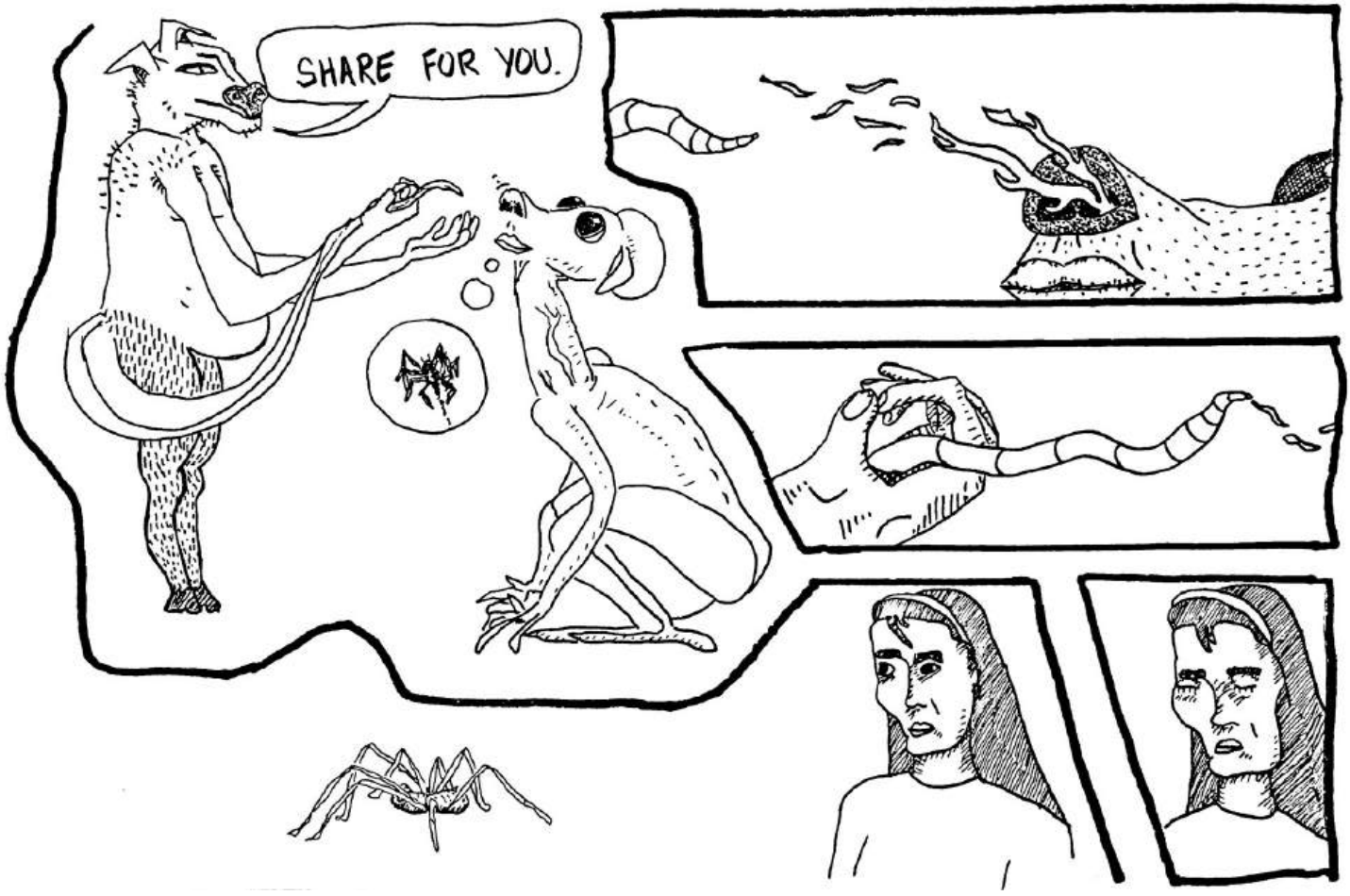
And the dragon shows its tyrannical scarred head of scales and horns and teeth. Whale vertebrae rumble on the bookshelf and the pink outline of our child, small, alien, round, metamorphosing fetus, radiates in the ostrich egg on the counter top by the sink. Your father is the other one with us among a group of young people in cool clothes ambivalent to our tragic theater, totally engrossed in acting out their own.
“++++++, is this our child?”
She said, it does not matter. Your father squats on the carpet to get a better eye on the egg, his grandchild yet to be. He turns his head towards me and looks at me with slit eyes. I shrink and the room grows bigger around me and +++++n has not lifted her gaze from her knitted hands. A trickling line of her tear rolls off the side of her face and into the stratosphere of the classroom. A storm brews.
I am small and confused but I do not feed the hungry cloud that threatens lightning in the meta-flickering fluorescence, my dry scalp counter balances the damp magnetism, according to plan, and we will be alright if she hears me. She has to hear me, she has to change her mind. It does matter, everything matters, "Everything matters."
She never heard this because I said it out loud alone in my room.

plants are not born - they have no heart/ their spirit is permanently detached from their material/ pulling them up in their sun chasing slumber// bugs whose bones are exposed and behave mechanically/ are death eaters in dreams skittering/ sometimes beautiful butterfly winged and iridescent/ sometimes ugly and poisonous// animals were given a heart/ hearts require a spirit to propel their continuous convulsions/ we share emotions with animals/ but only humans have a heart that is capable of intention// our hearts only cease their teasing regripping/ when we give up the ability to pray or curse

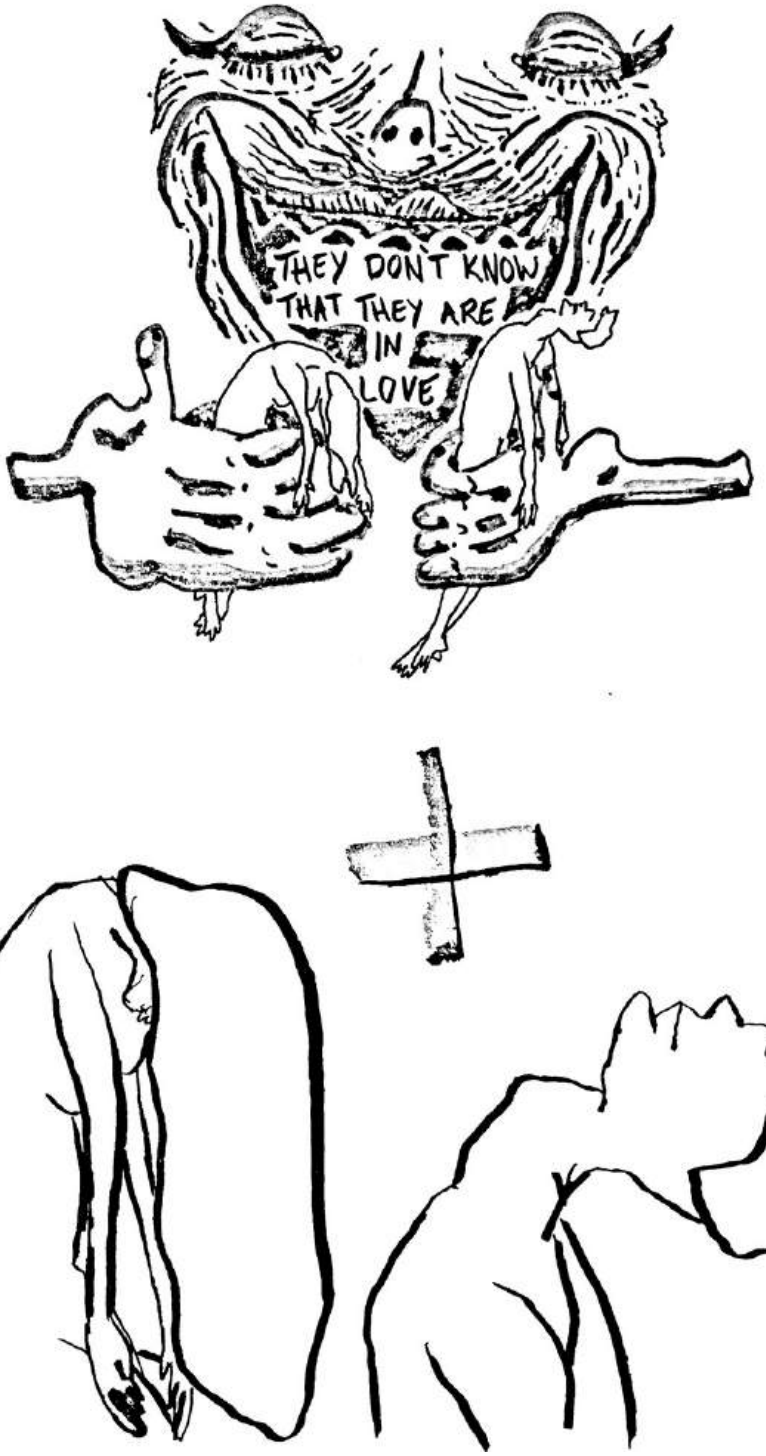
So much to say/ from dogs who talk in subtle eyebrow tugs and fake yawns/ by whales screaming to their amphibian angel ancestors/ innards moaning and cackling like babies/ all food has a price/ as hole as a bottomless pit/ residual memories spring up from lives unfamiliar/ don't neglect the night/ the sundial is useless near the glow from our torches/ light stuck out of time finds the earth/ in hot flashes the sky cracks into precise laser branches/ like skin around the starving dog's mouth

AT THE HEART OF YOUR WORLD
ALL MEMORIES LIVE AND WANDER
UNTIL THEY CALL OUT AS ONE
TO BE WEIGHED BY UNTAMED
THUNDER

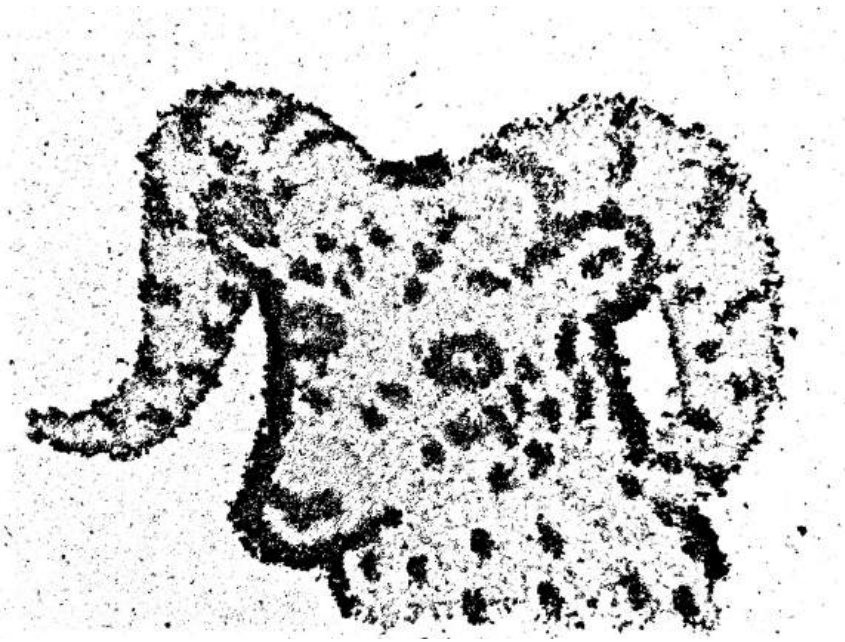
caraway seeds.
driving from the bay.
the bridge red like in the movies.
I've seen a million movies,
uncaptured scenes between the movies
grip me most. I act but
no one will tell me my part in the play.
toddlers carry imagined swords
and host tealess tea parties.
so I find myself remembering
the bustling dandelion planets
in the little league outfield.


SHARE FOR YOU.

my gut is a dog's head/ when neglected, it clenches tightly in its jaws/ the stringy worn-down tennis ball gifted from puberty/ easy breathe is a reassuring stroke on the neck/ tensions and times let go at this pace/ muscular fetters then ease into alternating cat paw gripping/ awareness of distances and nearness retreats/ I find the low purring promise/ the long moment that is life becomes an eternal apex/ so I know I am not out of place when/ I pick up and get back to slobbering


THEY DON'T KNOW
THAT THEY ARE
IN
LOVE

I told her "Do not pick another flower,
angry bees will visit your dreams."
She smiles and reaches down,
"But these beautiful wildflowers will wilt soon,
and today -" she pulls another stem,
lifting the petals between our lips,
"- our starved noses will dine."
We pull in sweet blooming inherited earth.
Crimson black birds of paradise
pluck the bees out from the sky.



Caroline Myss (1952-Present)

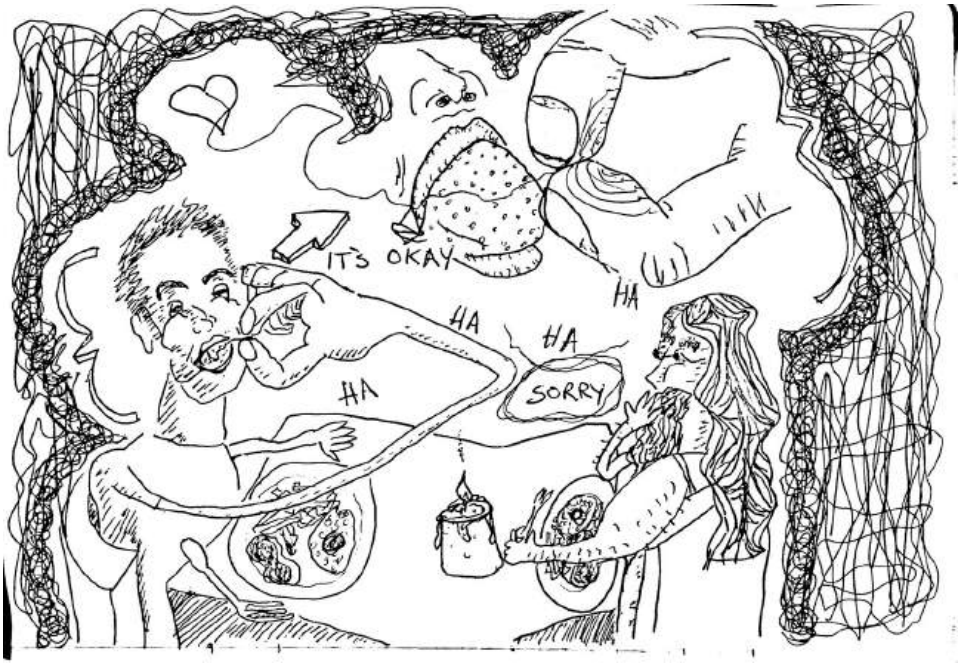
I have found the work of Caroline Myss to be uplifting. She has made a career by writing books and putting on "spiritual healing" workshops were she talks in small auditoriums full of gray haired divorcees. But her work is surprisingly poignant and insightful for anyone looking for spiritual growth.

She speaks sternly and bluntly. This puts off some people, but I think a hard voice is refreshing in a time of overwhelmingly tentative spiritual acceptance.

She believes all religions are relating to the same cosmic source, and I intuitively have come to this same feeling. She emphasizes the power of laser specific language and how we should use extremely special care in choosing language when we pray.

She introduced me to the idea of sacred contracts. Sacred contracts are an idea first described by Plato, purposing that before we are born, we sign a contract, accepting the terms of the life we will be born into. The suffering and pain in life that we each experience is exactly what we signed up for, to test our personal human spirits throughout many lifetimes until we have totally accepted a life of higher human virtues (faith, forgiveness, and charity) and thus have no need to come back to Earth to test ourselves. This is a radical way to accept and love life that I think about frequently.

Caroline fervently preaches the importance of a mystic aspect to life. There is a spiritual quality to humans. Ignoring this quality leads to a life of doubt or meaningless nihilism, both of of which cannot promise much more for someone besides unsatisfying pleasure chasing.



helical beings that we are/ home is hidden in the curly carpet whorls/ and stains, who's shapes have become like names/ home is the foot-oiled canal path we polish with routine/ here familiar hearts may unwind in fraying bedspreads/ home is where our hair becomes/ those casual unhurried measures of time/ (no repugnance when a strand must pick one off the tongue)/ in these rooms we find an open invitation to be perceived/ gifted this space to create our overlapping time/ and just below our kitchen floor, memory ferments/ an ode to past inventors from the Earth's bright marbling core/ to share my heat with all those who ring out at this threshold/ welcome in my heartspan

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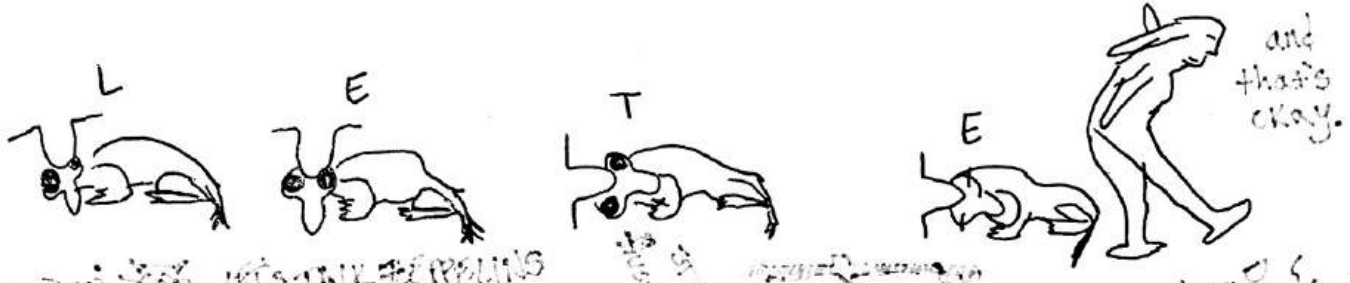
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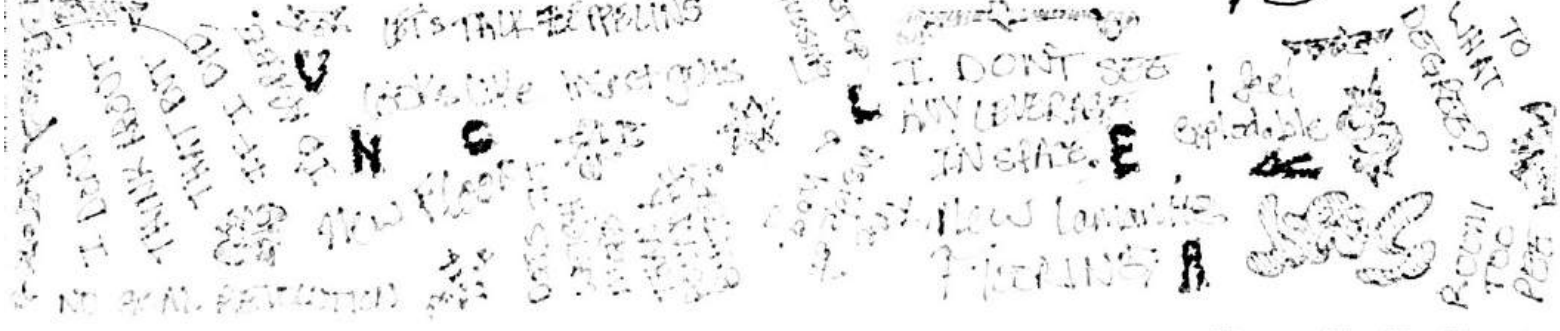
and that's okay.

I DON'T SEE
ANY LIBERALS
IN SPACE.

2023 June 26th Tuesday 8:44PM

I should accept them for their relaxed actions, I should really admire it about them. They are not guilty, they enjoy life, even if just for the moment, I should not judge them and I should not so harshly judge myself. I will continue to do my best and lead by example to what I believe gets me closer to equilibrium with myself. Today I saw the young bird (the one we watched hatch weeks ago outside our backyard window in the eaves) flying with it's mother. What a beautiful thing, fluttering and zig zagging. The mother glided gracefully and fluidly, leading by example.

June 6th, 2024. Thursday, 9:45AM, white tea, new moon, 100 degree high today, ac already wooshing

And I've been making songs in the living room. I set up a fold out table and have a few synths and a drum machine all plugged in. I'm happy with what's coming out. I want to do the vocals over, it seems I'm usually never satisfied with my vocals, but I sense more confidence in my voice this time around. That's a wonderful feeling: to get better at something.

After I finish writing I will draw on a large paper and use a new big juicy pen I got. I've learned recently I don't want to live by myself. The Summer tennis class at the junior college starts soon and I am excited for it.

This drawing will be a kind of info-comic-illustration about vitality and how to cultivate it. One needs sleep, real food, faith, creative expression, novelty, physical exercise, sun, social interaction, stillness.

June 14th 2024 8:14AM, cool opened window morning before the heat

I will have my music project finished within 30 days. I think I'll call it RE-ACT. I love the whole process of making songs and piecing them together afterward in ableton. It is a multi stepped process that makes me laugh, makes me think, makes me come up with creative solutions, makes me think on my toes, is something to work on and get better at, an exercise in humility, and it allows an outlet for feelings to be expressed. It's a beautiful thing. Drawing too has become a beautiful practice in the pursuit of knowing myself better.

My parents came back from their [trip] last week and I am happy to have them back here. I love them and would not want any other parents. It was from their passion and trust in the world (whether they were conscious of it or not) that they conceived me. They could have stopped at one child but they had a second and I am grateful for this opportunity and I will continue the tradition of showing that trust and faith in my life.

Tuesday June 25th 2024 11:08AM quick jot

{...}Those are the queens of the tennis court. So many characters we meet in life, each has a significance determined by the focus and concentration of the audience's attention.

CONFIRM
CANCEL
SHOPPING
IS MY
SUPER
POWER!

Someone looking for a hand found mine and I am led to water and invited to take a sip but instead I spurt out half my lunch because my reflection rippling on the surface looked starved - I collapse in exhausted satisfaction and the two of us were alone in silence then with the exception of the fist sized flesh legumes in our tummies talking amongst themselves (as they always do,) I'd be rude to butt in but I do eavesdrop now and then and feel at times of high hubris that I can understand their alien undulating puttering chimney-thrums just as bees may interpret silent conspiratorial communications from the air before an oncoming burst of spring rain so I hunker further down there in the sandy mud mush and listen to their socializing and find myself prepared to join the evaporation society that is wilderness; to satisfy its sweet tooth with my brown eyes that suddenly become syrup and an untethered hand descends toward me - it is the sun's hand that calls forth the will of still sleepers - the sun that all color calls home and I wonder about the red hue inside me and the abyssal crags it must have climbed to arrive here and the light-distances it has yet to travel, and the forms we have yet to take and I feel her soft hand return and dip into my back bone and I learn I was never hungry.

June 2025 @boominfoomin

Boomin Foomin's Looming Human Heart :*Up-lifting*

The cat squints her eyes shut tight at the brightness of the sun and takes three slinking steps out of the air-conditioned doorway and into the incredibly hot front porch. She suddenly flops her body onto the shaded concrete. Her long body flattens. Her head slowly drifts backward, she curls a paw in the air, unmistakably pleased. Watching this, my attitude towards the heat shifts. There is no oppressive enemy felt by a truly open heart. This is ***Boomin Foomin's Looming Human Heart***, the inner-fountain that animates blood electric and pulls you towards the promise of your fate.

Let's Eat. following this graceful inertia. the middle school textbook told me energy cannot be created or destroyed, only changed. another page, all water is in unending transformation to fit cyclical atmospheric *changes*. finding every opportunity to share life. at the kitchen table with my dad, the steel pot with two handles on the stove. food nourishes us but a calorie did not initiate the heart's first convulsion. I used to ask my dad to push me on the swing, until i learned how to kick along with the momentum. we invite help to power us and so it does. nothing is created, but rather shared. blessed in the open childhood picture frame window. transported to the planet in the backyard. alive, the home and blood combine, simmering. thank you dad.

Embers 006

“It's awkward being taller than the average giraffe. To cram into a room I have to fold myself in half. Although it's not too bothersome it's none the less a chore, when my rear is near the ceiling and my ears are near the floor."

"What's that from?"

"I made it up."

"You did not make that up. And you aren't that tall."

Said through the jail bars, her words remained true as they always had and despite the present circumstances, hearing her voice put me in an elevated mood, an elevated reality. When I am with her, time seems to flow and tumble like a river whose gurgling water drowns out the ticking of all the smiling clocks that line the walls all day and spin a slow itchy staccato tempo in my pajamas at night.

"No, you are right. I didn’t make that up. And I'm not that tall. But My tongue sometimes turns black like a giraffe's. Is it black now?"

I stuck my tongue out at +a++++ and closed one eye to better focus the other eye in a strained attempt to see my outstretched tongue. I looked at ++++++, tongue out, flinching according to its own prerogative.

"No. It's regular tongue color. Pinkish."

"Pamn." I returned my tongue to my mouth and continued staring at my criminal lover.

"How did you get in there anyway? I mean, what did you do exactly?"

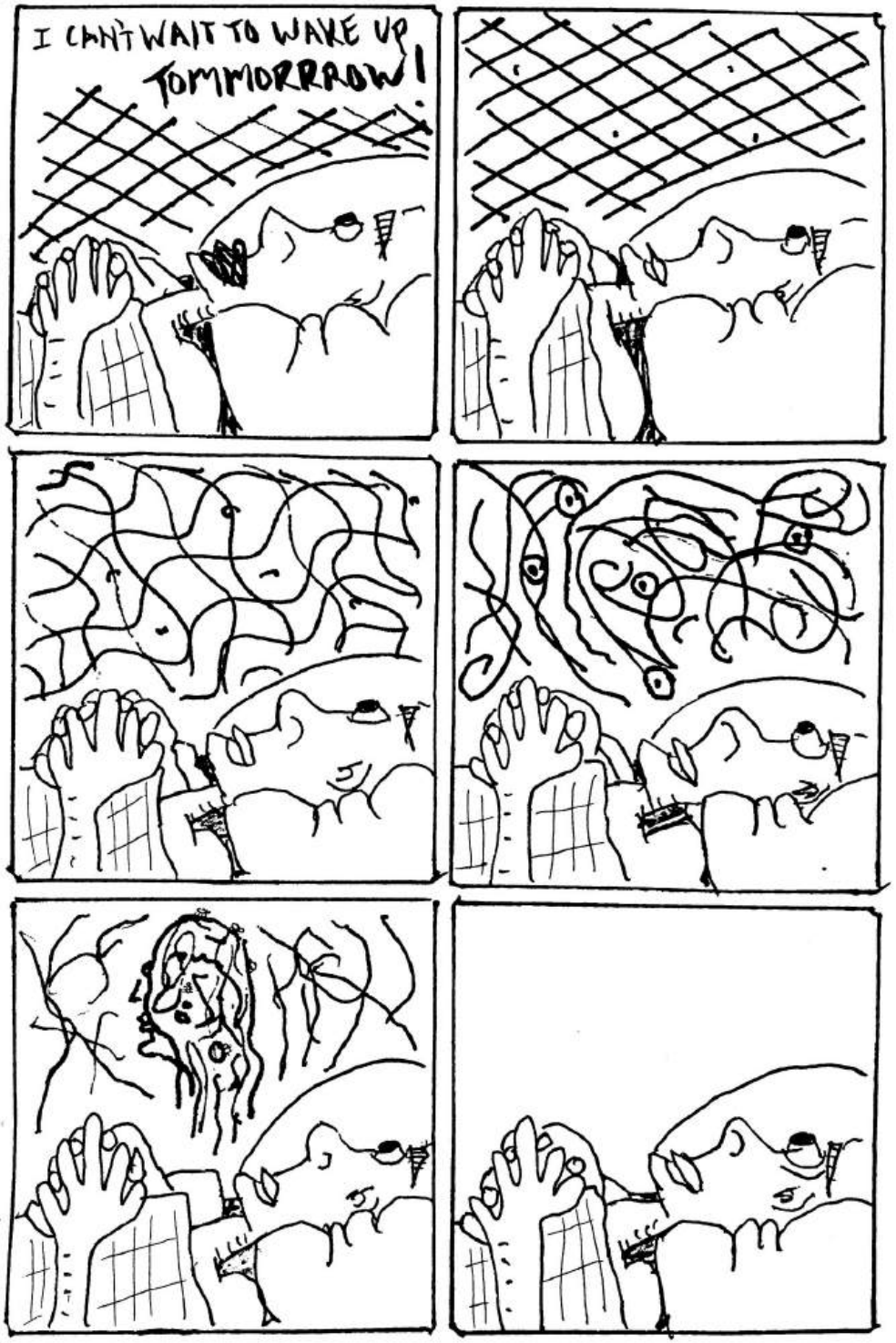
She lowered her eyes to the concrete floor. Everything was blue and gray. She wore a romper with thin horizontal stripes, something she would never wear. My tongue was pink and tongue colored.

"Are you a bad person?" I wanted to know.

*

She never answered but I don't blame her because it was then that she turned into some spindly glowing fantastic jellyfish sea creature and I accepted her in the palm of my hand. Like a blue anemone spider with countless short and writhing tentacle nodes. She signaled her feelings for me in her alien way, I interpreted her loving intricate movements through my palm. I whispered something intimate to her and she either stung me or kissed me but either way I died with that sensation. Was I a bad person for dying then?

The river is gone and the ticking of smiling clocks returns to dominate the air and I see my reflection in the mud puddle. It tastes tart and raw.


I CAN'T WAIT TO WAKE UP TOMMORROW!

How to Breathe and Why:

I am bundled up in over-sized fleece snow gear. Hand-me-downs from my older brother. He's already at the bottom of the hill with my parents. I'm probably seven years old. It's my turn to go down the hill and it's a steep hill and the gray afternoon snow is the same color as the opaque sky and this makes me feel claustrophobic.

I am sitting down in the purple sled. I tuck my feet in and lean back and begin to hear the plastic sliding on snow, a pitch that starts low and slowly fades away with my excitement. I hold the thin vestigial string that is tied to the nose of the sled, as if reigns could steer a torpedo. Speed, gray snow, gray sky, cold air on tears, red cheeks, red nose, face surely grinning. Towards the bottom I fly. I loose all connection to the sled and I land prone in the snow and briefly I think I am paralyzed or dead. I roll and now breath returns and that's all there is. Dad leans over to help me up but I'm not ready. He sees the way I'm gasping for air and says, “You must have got the wind knocked out of you. You'll be okay.” And in the next few breaths I knew he was right, and I would be okay.

I saw stars in that gray sky. *Breath could be taken away?* This was the first and only time I had gotten the “wind knocked out” of me. This experience felt like my insides were squeezed against their will, as if I were on the brink of suffocation. This experience made me feel small and fragile. Before that moment, countless breaths had been taken throughout the duration of my life without the slightest consideration.

But at the bottom of that snowy hill, with the very next breath that I was able to take, I became immediately aware that every breath is a gift.

We do not create breath, we draw breath from a pool of wind supplied by some greater governance beyond our conception. So long as it is gifted to us, we can appreciate it by simply acknowledging it lovingly. Many mystical traditions lay emphasis on careful breath-work. It is a fundamental source of life that we must take into consideration for the sake of our vitality. We learned to tame the wild horses so they can work with us.

Breathe had become sacred to me that day. We will all have our final breathe on this earth and I think I know how that might feel now. Gray and impossible to fight. So let us deliberately use our breathe to uplift ourselves and others and admire all the colors in life.

a fertile heart must be patient for/
Earthly circuits always seeking union/
invisible reaching in black soil/
plants spend their lives remembering//

memory and true fantasy coruscate in dreams/
where we are reminded and confused/
by Earthen tasks we find too cliche/
to grow in love and human virtue//

we choose irony to weigh us down/
freedom from a physical world makes one who is unsure/
afraid/
to abandon ourselves is to stay bound in this unforgiving
forgetful plane//

it's
okay
to
IN
GOD
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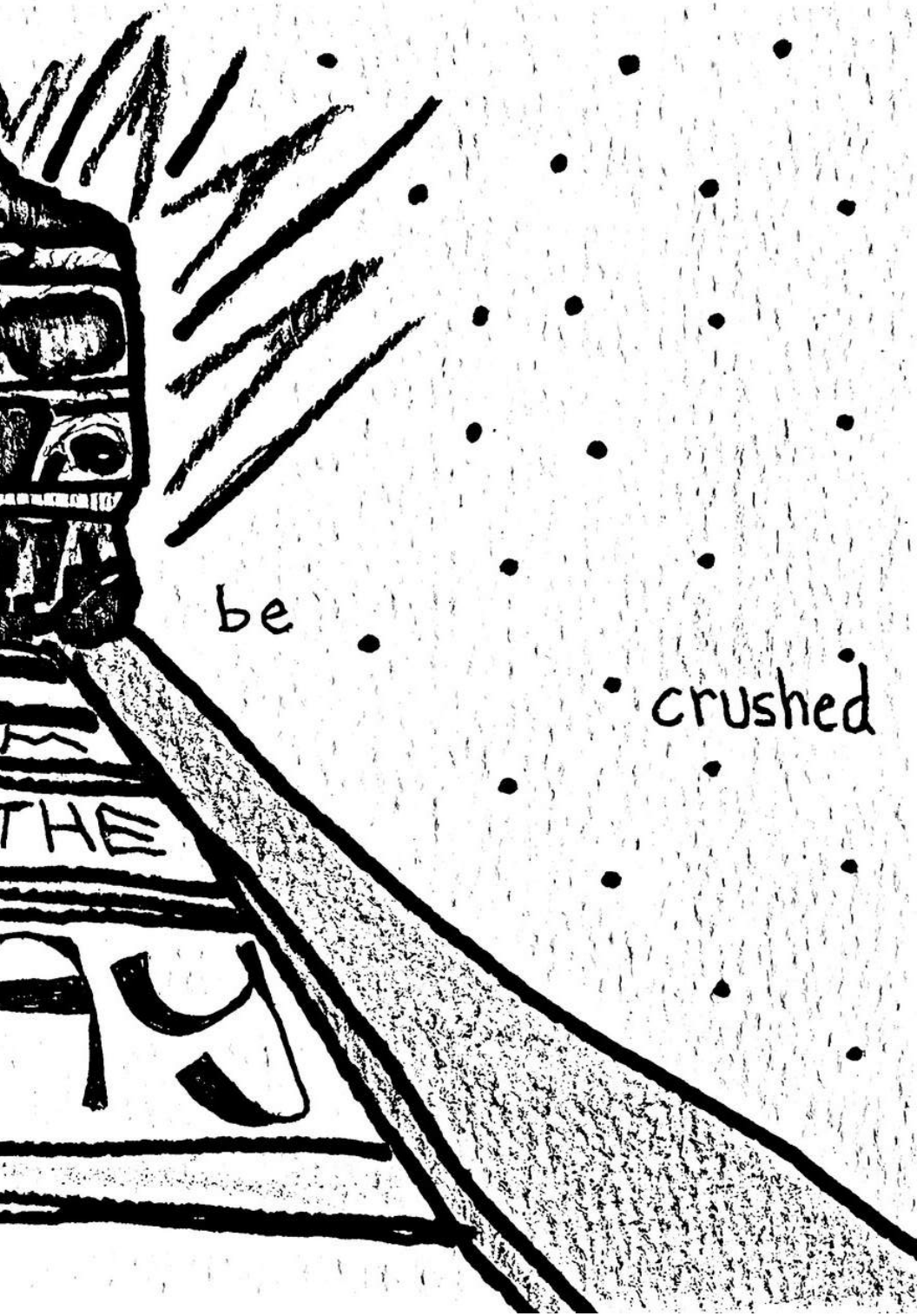
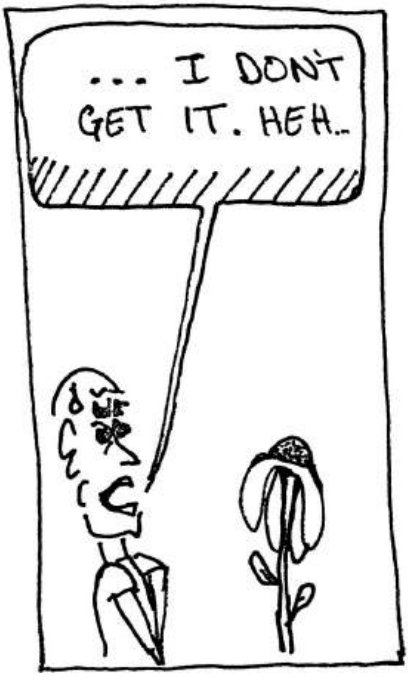
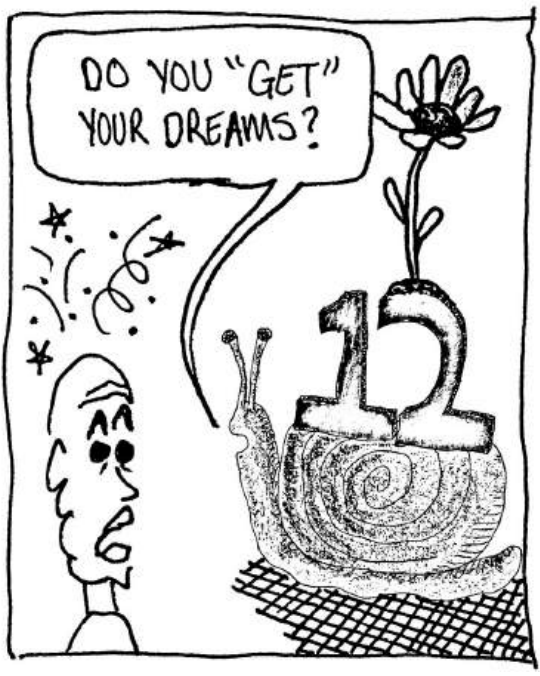

be
crushed
THE

Lapsus

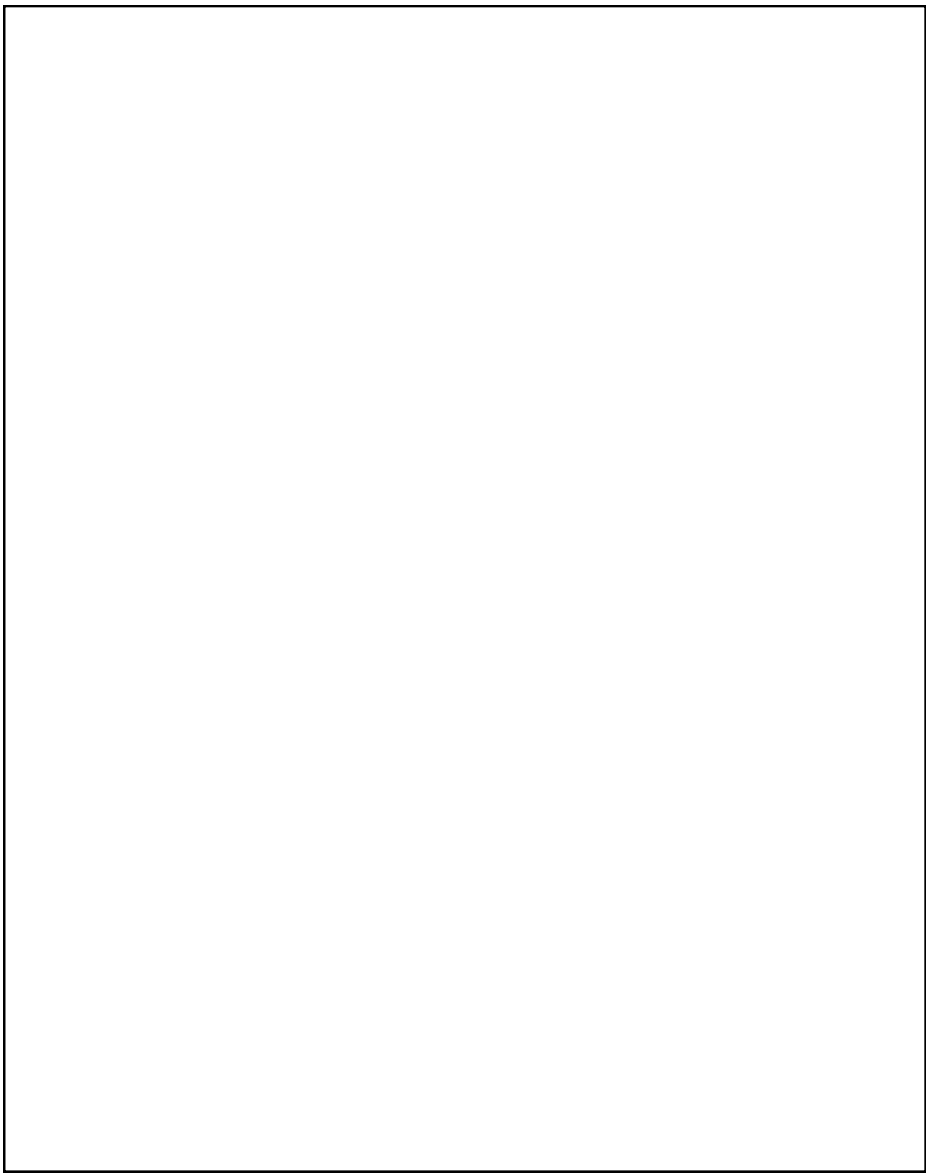
We tell time, time is not told to us. Because fruit needs water. The snail's years are measured by a different calendar than the other bugs in the garden. Stretching out stalks on it's face so tiny black eyes can peer into the far future, for all distance to this slow pace is stretched. What must the present moment feel like to a creature that lives in delay? Humans have adopted the relationship between themselves, earth, and sun to define time. A society with language will always use it for defining it's unique experience. Recently in human evolution, we have adopted time as a progressive experience, marching onward, a fired arrowhead. Today we can see into speculated times with the tap of a finger, ceasing our current definition of time. The arrow has gone off course and now is continuously coiling, as it used to before funerals.





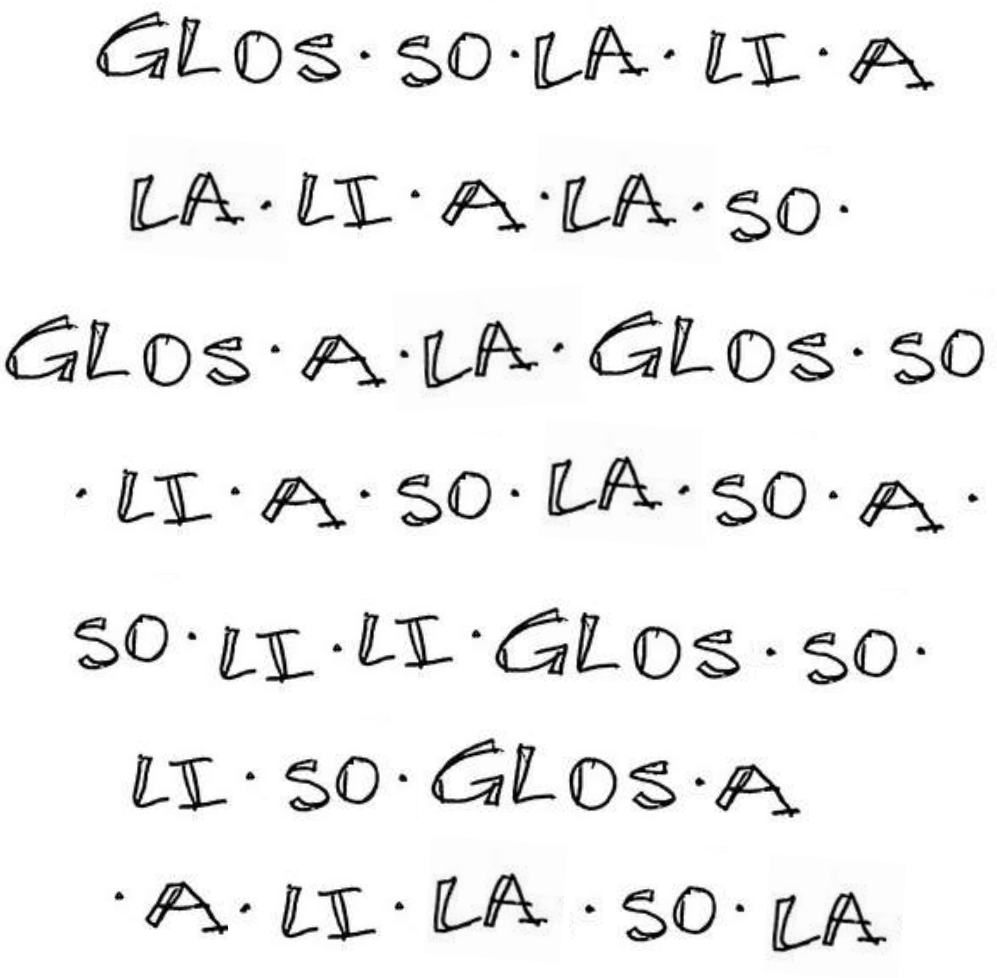
ROLE MODEL ROLE CALL

Use the space provided to draw and/or write about someone who inspires you. Famous or familial, imaginary or tangible, we need role models to inspire, relate to, and motivate the blood in us to pump in the direction that is most suitable for our personal task here in our current material trial .



FROM A SILVER POOL WE CRACK/

there's an actor on the screen/
to remind you of every person you may know/
faces and true-to-life personalities feigned/
life full of moods we perform/
coincide, dramatize, familiarize me with/
my beautiful son who compellingly depicts/
a charming character contemplating patricide/
in fantasy and memories we reminisce



deodorant is heaven-sent to noses trained civil/
we know all organs are curved (can they be called sane?)/
scaffolding grids climb - permissible by a tamed will/
angled architecture cannot house wild claims.

the playground brings coffee handed parents/ to watch their phones as their wild haired extensions/ depart from apartment constraints far off/ lengths of mowed grass rising/ for those who bark at and bite playmate lovers

Friday July 5th 2024 8:24PM
fourth day of 100 degree + highs.

I could have got more done today and maybe that is why I am feeling low right now. I ate ice cream and a fudge bar and a lot of beans and maybe that is a factor too (SUGAR AND CARBS). I thought about L+++++r when I was at the hospital today and it made me feel grateful that I had an opportunity to meet her last year. A reassurance of potential futures. I can't hurry the speed of the planets or slow the breeze. +++++ can't hurry her recovery even though she would love to.

Sometimes I feel really selfish for not reaching out to friends. I am thinking tonight about downloading hinge. I think I should move out of here when I am 29. Moving far away scares me and staying here scares me. Not being confident in what one wants can be a debilitating sickness.

One step at a time, let it unwind. When did I watch so much ***** videos today? They are pretty lousy. Podcasts don't cure loneliness. I want someone to sit close to.

I am of strong will and high spirits most days but not everyday. There's snot on my lips. I'm afraid of the day that drawing doesn't excite me anymore. But if that day comes, I know I will have something better to replace it. I feel hot. Tennis has been fun, I should be more outgoing socially during it, maybe that's why I'm drawn to the ***** videos, because he is so direct and loud and doesn't care that he's weird.

Personality is a choice. Who do I want to be? Cartooning does combine all of my favorite things. Storytelling, art, layout, typography. I will work more on the first mother comic on my days off. I will finish it in September. I should do what I love. Pen to paper, prove there's blood in my veins instead of imagining it's there. And I should stop being so hard on judging [everyone]. I did the same thing with * and her family. I find the worst in them and bring it to the forefront. I see the faults in them that I see in myself. We are all trying to do this thing [life], I could lighten up more. Things are not bad. So what if I keep buying comic books? Today they inspire me.

I put RE-ACT on Bandcamp this week. I love the accomplished feeling of completing a long project. Only J+++ + has listened to it, bless him. He is a great friend. I have not myself listened to it since I put it up. I will soon. Things will cool off soon they always do. Excited to be in M++++++ tomorrow, I hope I can work with ++++y.

9:25AM Wednesday July 17th 2024,

finally cooler mornings, windows open.

We will find out if she is interested in me. If not, I am glad I tried. It will be doubtlessly embarrassing next time I work with her if she never messages me but it is good for me to do what I can to make opportunities for a future with someone. Sitting watching it all go by won't do me any good, I agree with my grandma on that fact.

Last night I texted * happy birthday, to no reply. That's for the best I reckon.

Tennis has been fun. I find I get frustrated sometimes (when I perform very poorly) but I quickly remind myself that I am there to have fun. I should make more attempts at connection, regardless of embarrassing flops. They are good guys there.

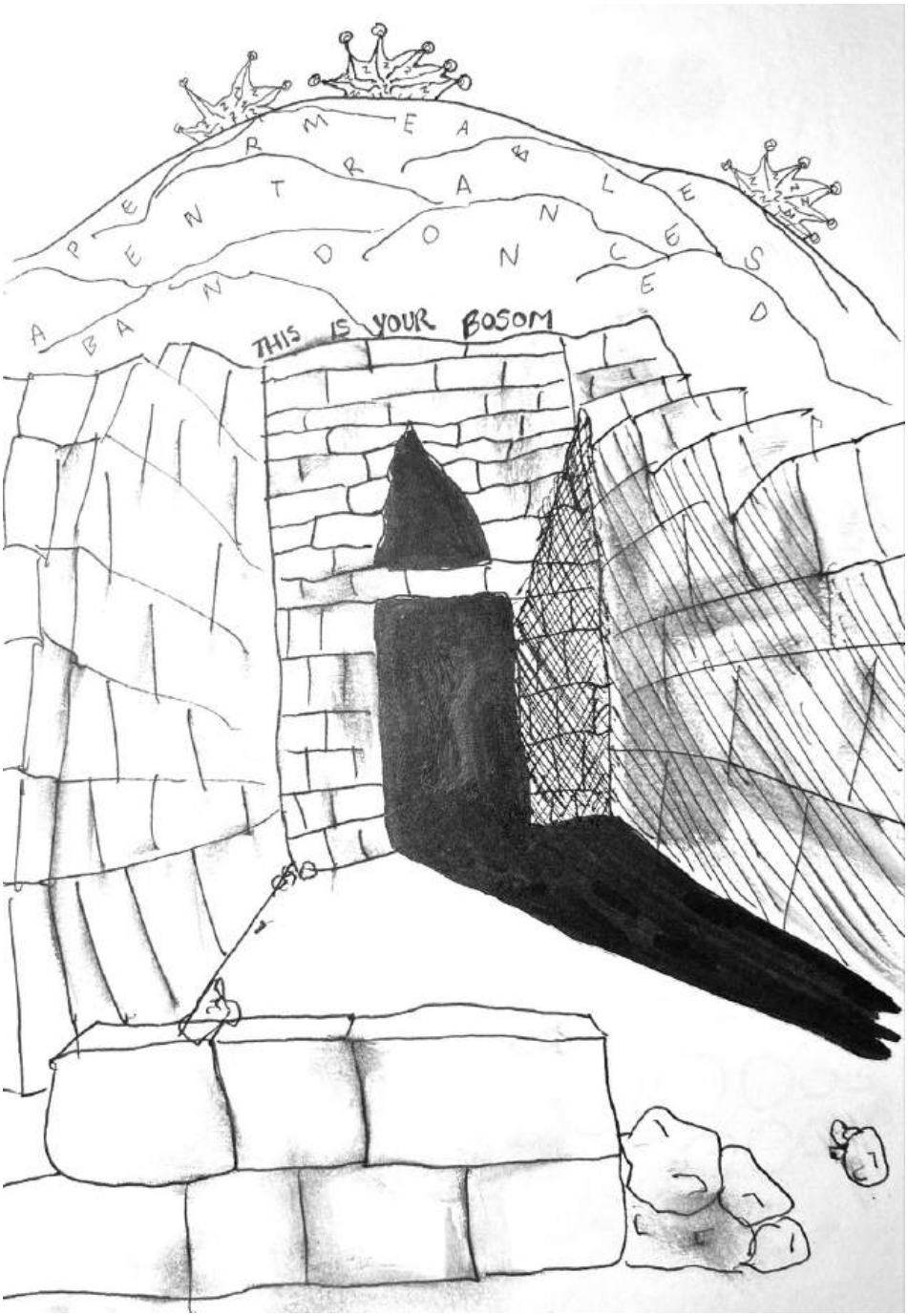
Been enjoying Julian Jayne's origin of consciousness and the breakdown of the bicameral mind, I love the intersection between scientific investigation and mystical early civilization theories. Jayne's suggests that it is quite possible that early humans heard hallucinatory voices (illusionary or real) that motivated the creation of civilization and religion. I love it. Joost Swarte makes quite special comics. It looks like tintin but has stories of murderous barbarians and hedonistic modern (80's) men but it holds a very fine cartoonish tone throughout and is original and pleasing with the layout and design. Quite special.

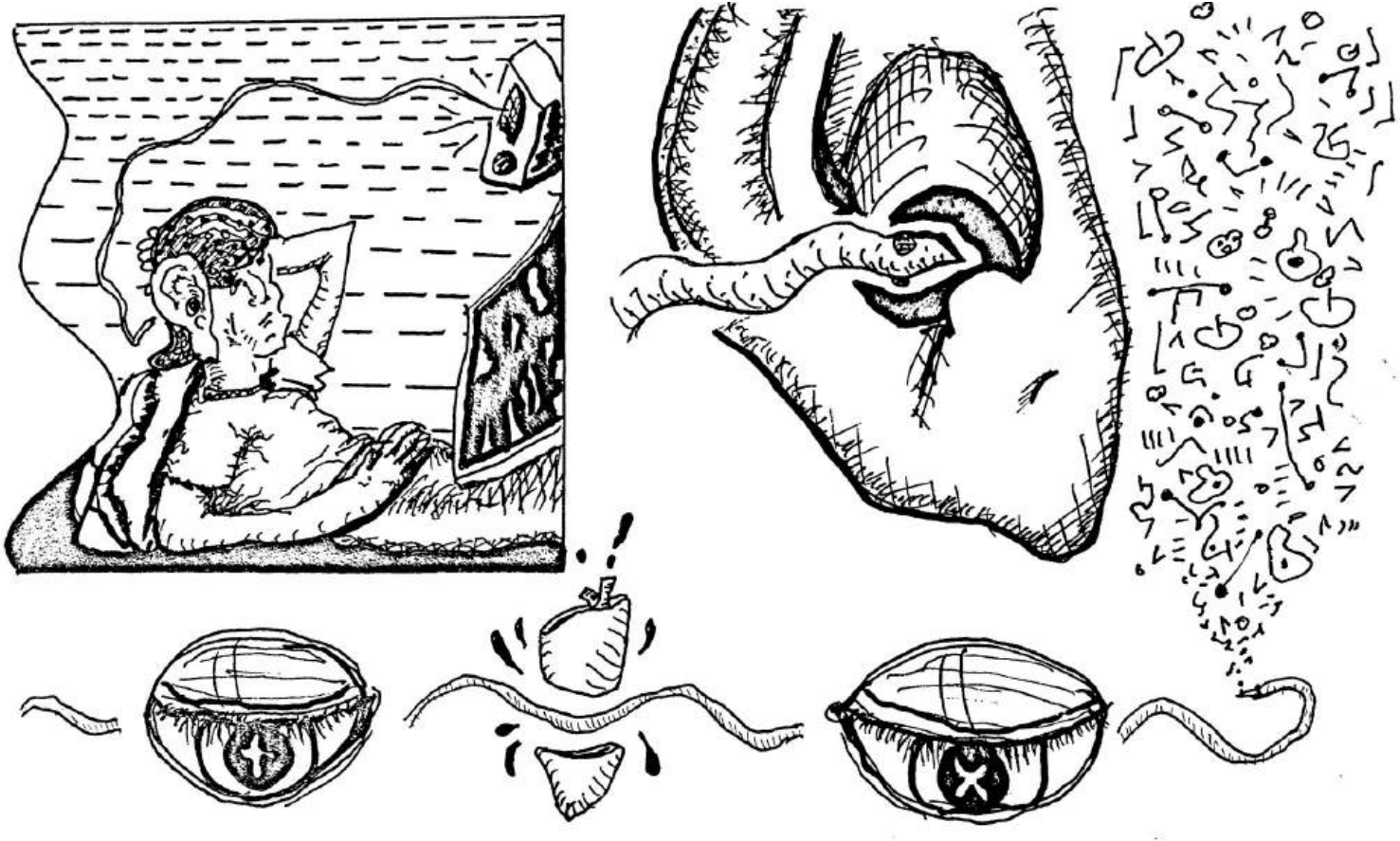
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM

Playground slides were not made to climb but I'm sure the retrospective child architects have ascension in mind, for to create on a downward slope does not necessitate a primitive participant; new angles may obscure the view of those observing with their small chin-bottomed faces, but some choose to stand inverted and download favored memories imagined by distant men and women who never grew old and continue today to cry out like lost children, having no experience of life beyond the rituals of that dung beetle.

BOOMIN FOOMIN'S

Looming Human Heart





Boomin Foomin's Looming Human Heart was conceived, like all human hearts, in the space between stars and black holes. To play along in silly games where gamblers are welcome to risk all they have for a chance to participate. To share a vital voice in the wildly ordered chorus of screaming planets.

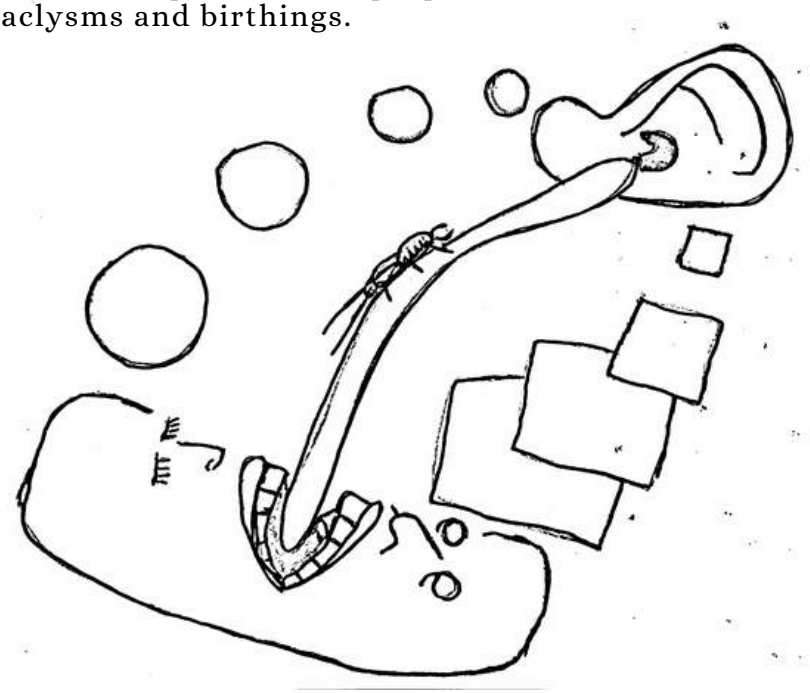
Embers. SEVENTEEN

The only home for me is here in these fields of rising sun and dirt and wild things. Measuring my time here cannot be done with numbers or astronomical revolutions, it is all of time that I have been and am here.
Silent angels, or the owl winged tulip women that I call angels, fly above me between the land and the orange textured sky. They dart around like dragonflies, catching the mirage bent wisps produced by my invisible exchange of sun and earth. I feel a certain pride to be a part of their nourishment, my simple existence providing life to a beautiful phenomenon. Their bellies dine in my daily reflection and I dine in their unvoiced gratitude.
This present moment, the only moment there is to be in this life, just as the sky's orange begins to turn blue, I catch eyes with one of these angels. A trance, a sinking of all my insides while my bones soften in place, the smiling angel drifts close and lands on my shoulder. She caresses my head and I lead her to our nearby burrow and we descend.
Down the drifting helix, the passage becomes tighter and the angel struggles to continue on. It is not used to this subterranean environment. I chew off her wings so she can continue deeper, until we arrive at the final depth that is our nursery. There is no color here, no warm touch from our sun. I settle into the soil and she digs at the soft tent of meat between my collarbone and throat. When the cavity is just the right size, she nestles into it, curling snugly in the warm wet wound. I find terrified faces in the dangling interlaced root strings in the black ceiling above us. She sings silently in me and I open my mouth and a lovely trilling sound fills our den, I imagine that the sun might hear it and how it may delight in the sound. My skin begins to fall into the soil, a dark crimson spot of enrichment spreading from where my body lies. A blue fungus-like infection begins to grow around the edges of my wound-home, it causes a choking sensation while I lay there without the ability to cough.

The singing has come to an end. My angel, as if she had been waiting for this moment, eagerly scours off the cold meat that was once my neck with her rough mechanic cat tongue. We are one for this moment until we become many. From my stomach, movement rises in a sea of writhing worm-nymphs, hungry for their host's flesh. I oblige. I do not recall if there was color in my angel's eyes, and I wonder because I had never been told: had there ever been color in mine?

The day, like the one before and the one that will follow, has ended. The sun meets the horizon and the sky quickly pulls all the color lent to the land into a radiant sea of ultimate saturation across a shifting spectrum of gold, red, orange, and purple. The sky holds this together briefly, as the coined sun is tired and eager to sink back into the land's edge and take back with it all the loving color it had shared.

Now with its absence, nothing exists besides the memories that are toked within me by the welcomed trident wielded by the sentimental pyromaniac. I rest easy in suspension, only seldom do terrors laugh in dark brick wall corners. The new day arrives on the horizon; providing context for my lovely and wild legion of conquerors who perpetuate nature's formless cataclysms and birthings.



The Nervous Dreamer

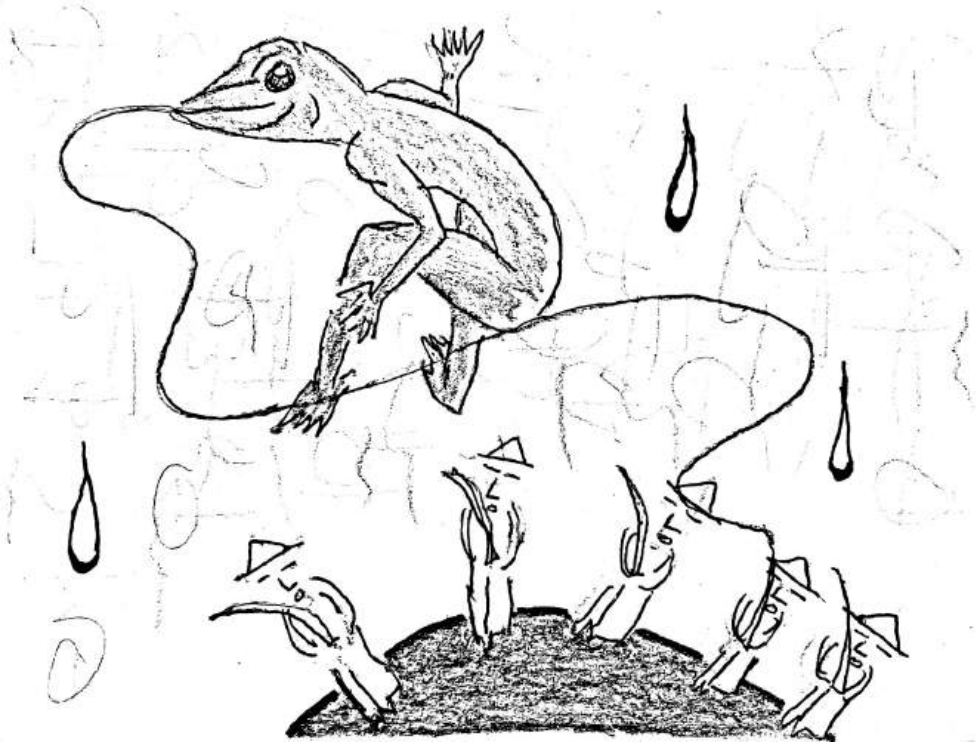
Despair is a mundane dream.
Nightmares come to child only after they start developing an idea of their “self”. Before the concept of “self,” children do not report having nightmares and their dreams are often populated by animals. The nightmares start when the ego begins to develop.
This is the story of Eve biting the fruit of knowledge, becoming conscious of her nakedness. This is the story of Prometheus, who is mutilated by birds everyday as punishment by the Gods for stealing their fire of knowledge. This is the story of Pandora opening the mysterious box out of *self*-interested curiosity and letting out the evils of the world.
So let us remember to forget ourselves at times, and revisit the friendly animals that live in fairy tales.

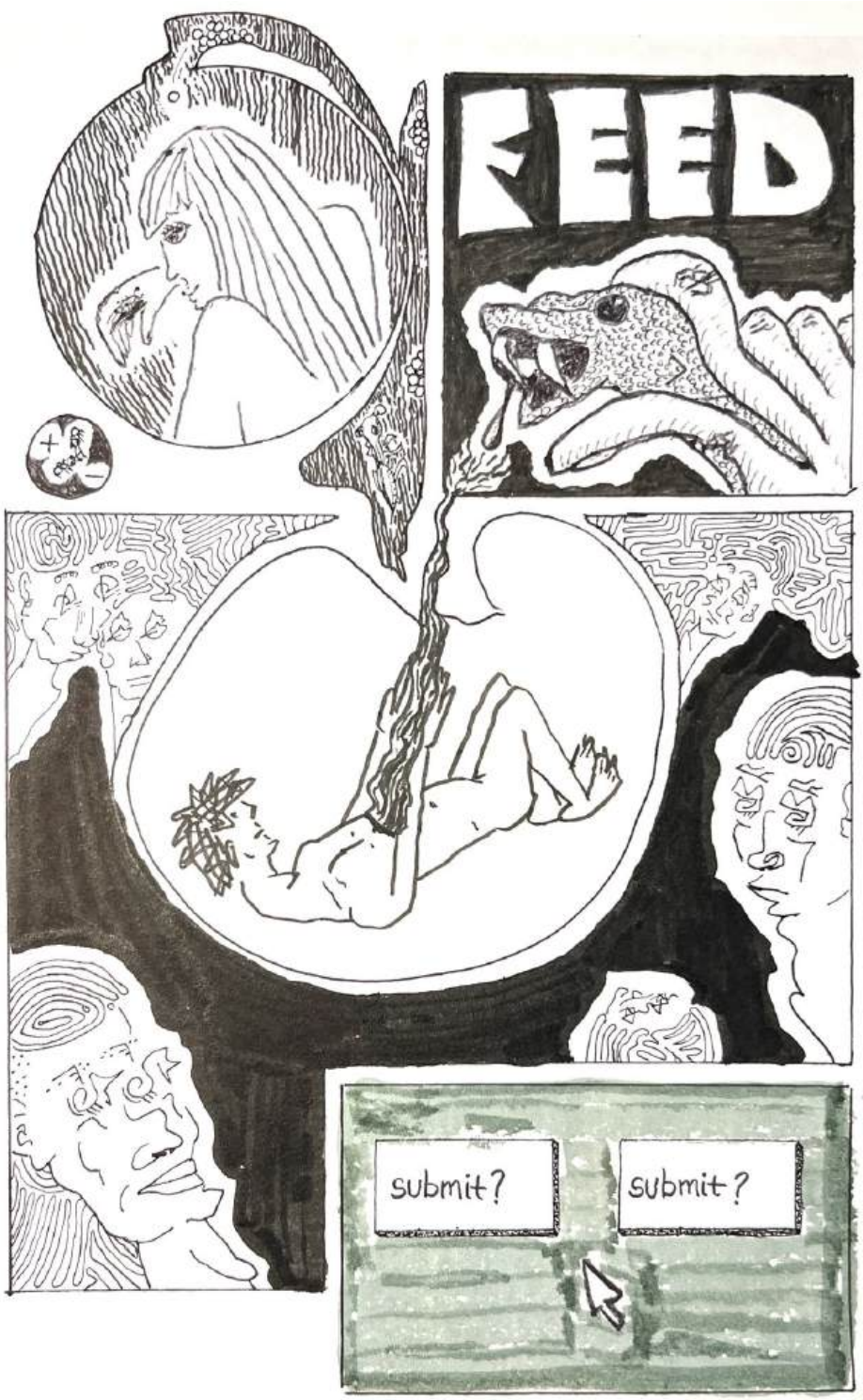
Directly below me I act on the apex
of any given moment/
I agree to hot summers; humming
celebratory heliocentric obedience/
The shirtless child points the garden
house upward and holds it there/
Constant flow from an unknown source.
Fluid motion of:
Water rising/
Waterfalls/
Water webbing/
Water thinning, becoming many/
Water drops/
and the shirtless Earth drinks,
Spinning drunk

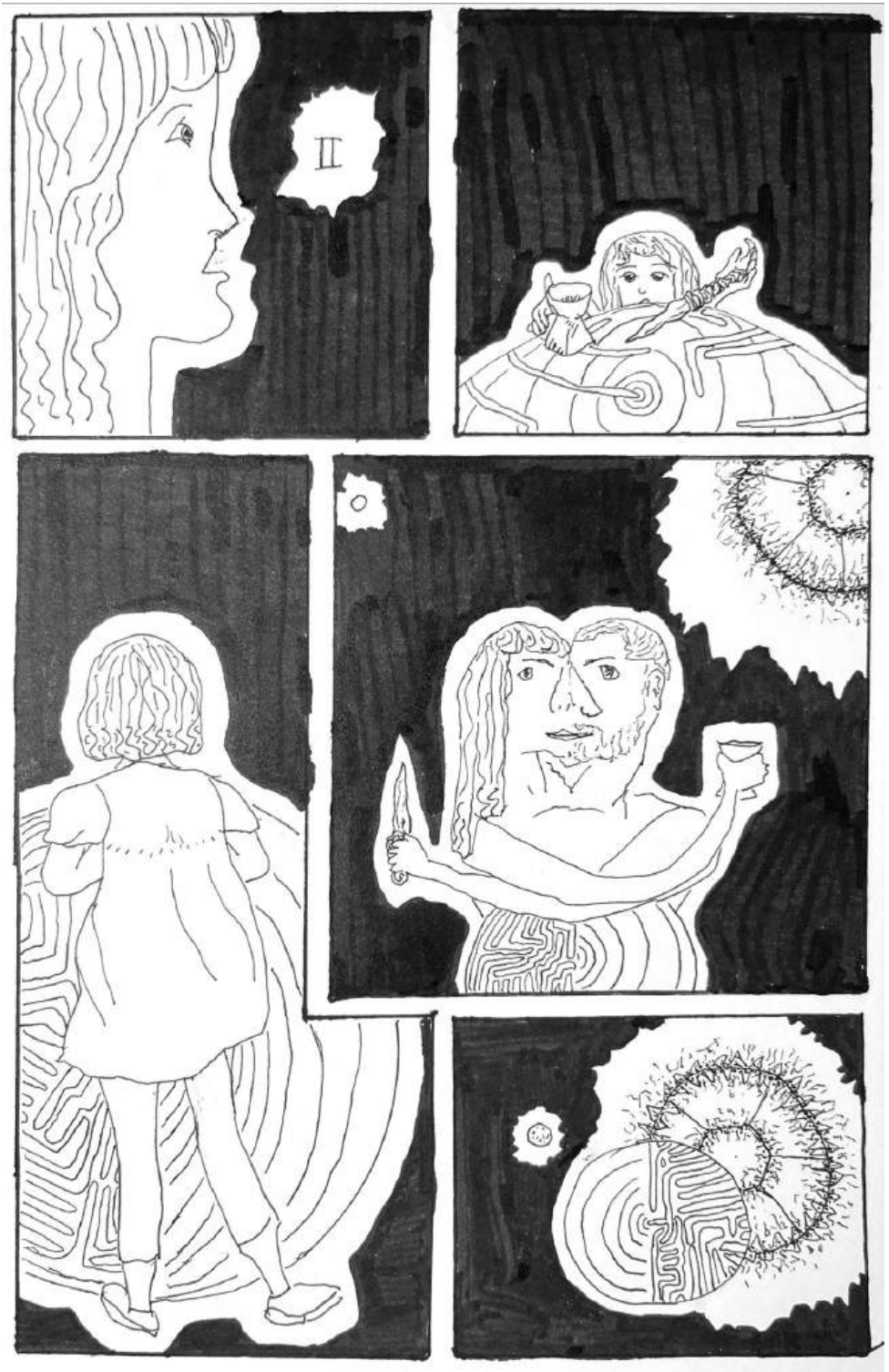
Memories are images painted in the dark caves of consciousness. Imagination is the torch that allows us to view and perceive these images. One can never be certain of the precise colors or contours of any given memory, they will always be refracted by the illuminating yet tricky and fickle flickering flame that is our imagination.

You wouldn't tell a 5 year old they aren't creative. A five year old would not consider themselves not creative, that possibility does not penetrate their intuitive creativeness.

Fire consumes everything it can cling to. The heart generates life through de-clinging convulsions. The heart makes a mighty effort, pressing in on itself and then let's go. This hydraulic press beats in accordance with Pascal's principle. To create is to feed the heart. It continues to beat through a generative quality that we must feed through acts of loving creation. I'll be the first to say it, listen to your heart. Red core tough tender muscle love generator. To destroy is to feed fire. We are each small weather-makers.




FEED
submit?
submit?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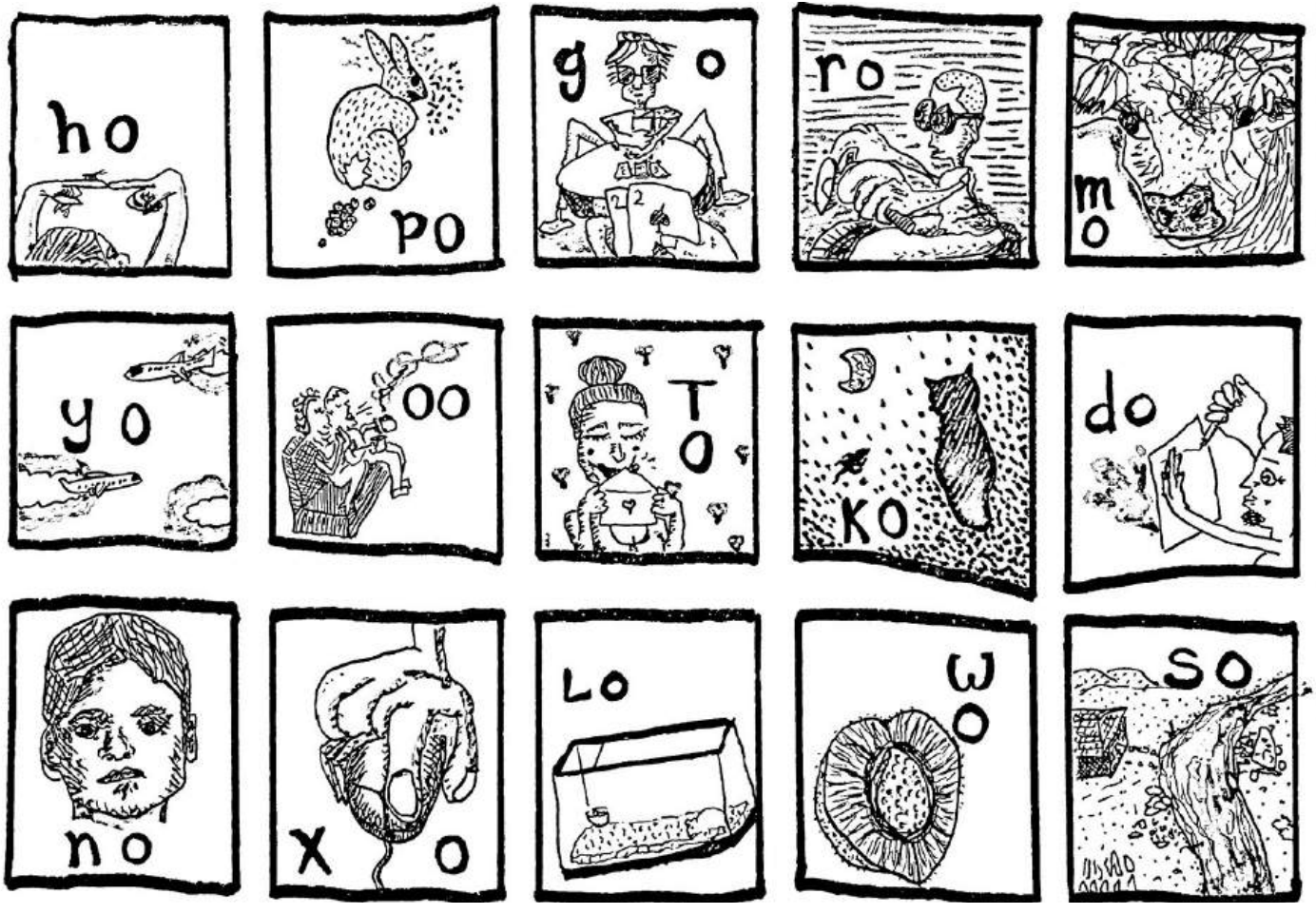
ho
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lo
w o
so

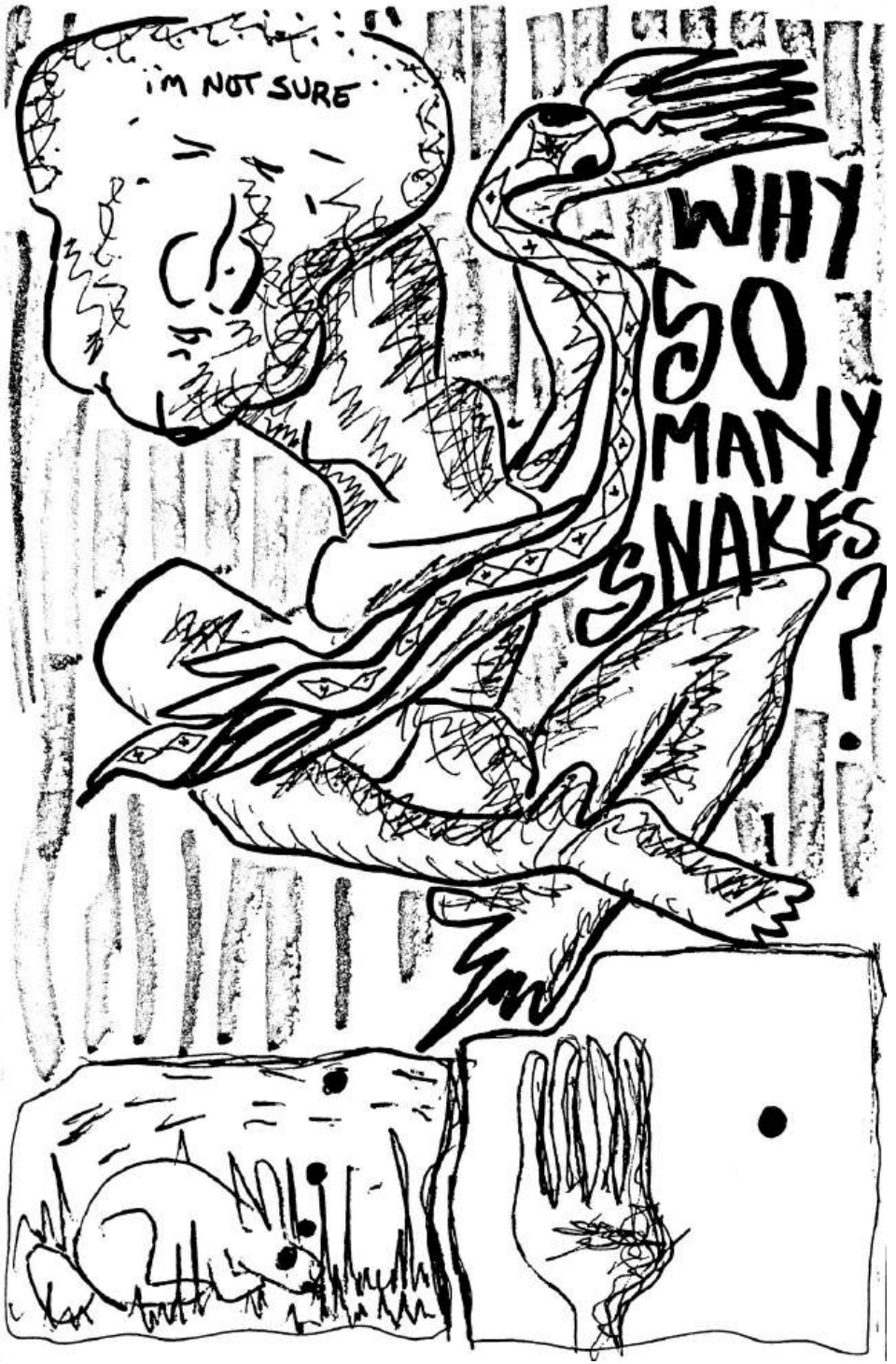
Peter Blasser (? -)

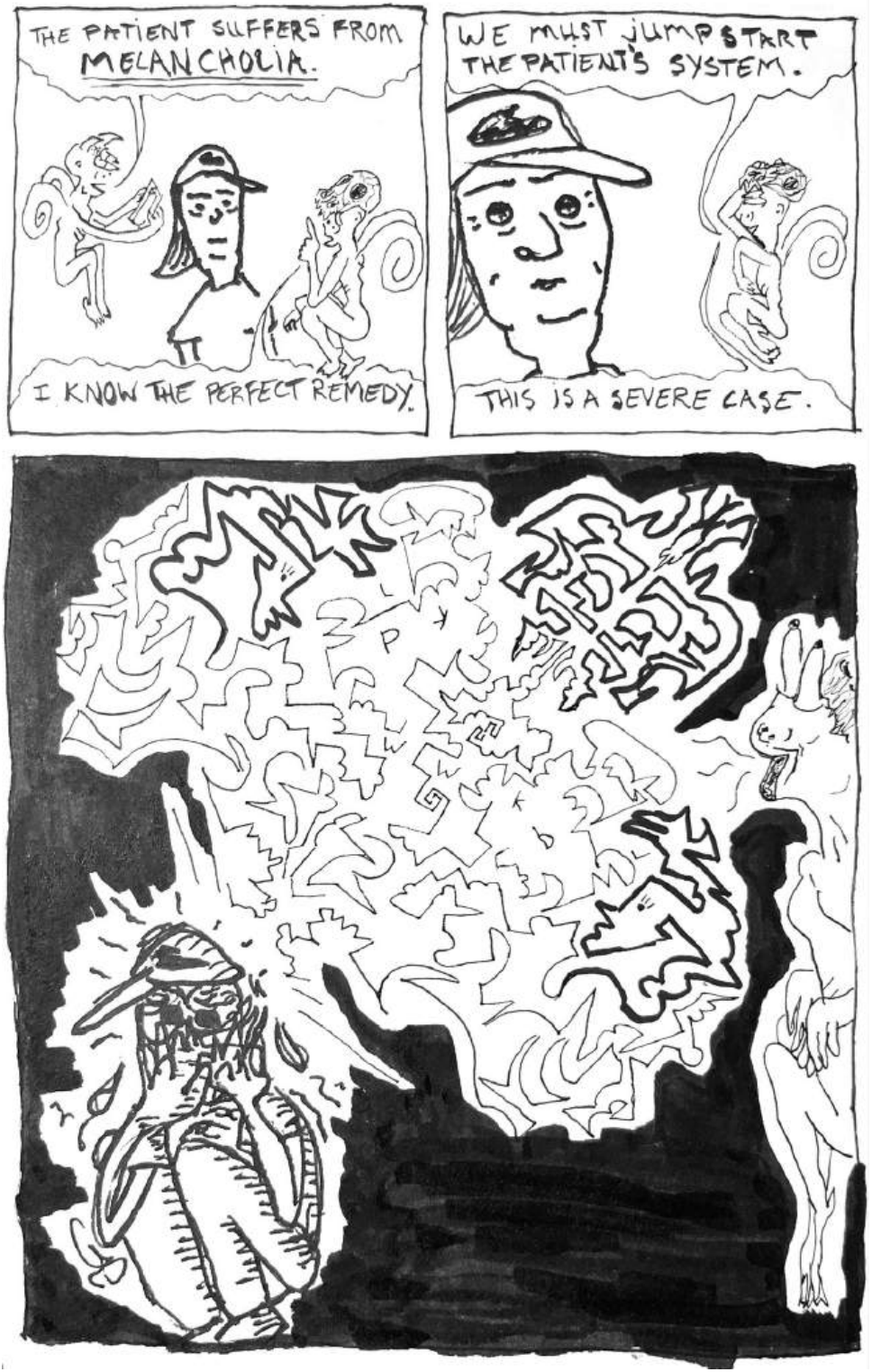
Ciate-Lonbarde.net displays the outrageous and inventive creations of Peter Blasser. I have dived through this esoteric website (which not only includes his instruments but also strange prose writing and enigmatic doodles), read interviews, and listened to every seminar (he is very well spoken about what he does and how he does it) and video featuring him that I could find because I feel inspired by his conviction.

Peter started musical instrument creation in high school where he would reconstruct ancient instruments that had never before been recorded with modern technology. This motivation of his, which seems to be driven by a desire to expand and explore how we understand sound, continues with his current work on unconventional avant garde synthesizers. His synthesizers look and feel like detailed art pieces. He designs his circuit boards himself with mandala-like sophistication. He makes them economically as he can. Necessary empty space on the circuit boards are utilized for hieroglyphic looking symbols or poetic messages.

He explains that he is considerate in choosing what kind of wood (cherry, rose, almond, ect.) is to be used for the housing that will match the personality of the instrument he is intending to make. He experiments with playable "androgynous nodes" and unpredictable patch points for players to use on his instruments. Peter shares a lot of his designs for free and puts on DIY synth workshops.

His machines sound fried, dissonant, chaotic, and may even intentionally misinterpret user data. He puts all this time and energy into coding, testing, carving, soldering, material gathering, planning, only to create a machine that often sounds broken. To me, this is a great metaphor for the suffering in life we must endure while not expecting a pleasant outcome. And while unpleasant, while we play music (or live our life), there is a certain delight in discovering something unexpected, witnessing our reaction to it, and learning more about ourselves from it. I do not always like the sounds produced by his shrieking machines, but I love the spirit that made them. I am drawn to the dedication he has to his craft and the integrity and execution of his brilliant uncompromising originality.


I'M NOT SURE
WHY SO MANY SNAKES?!

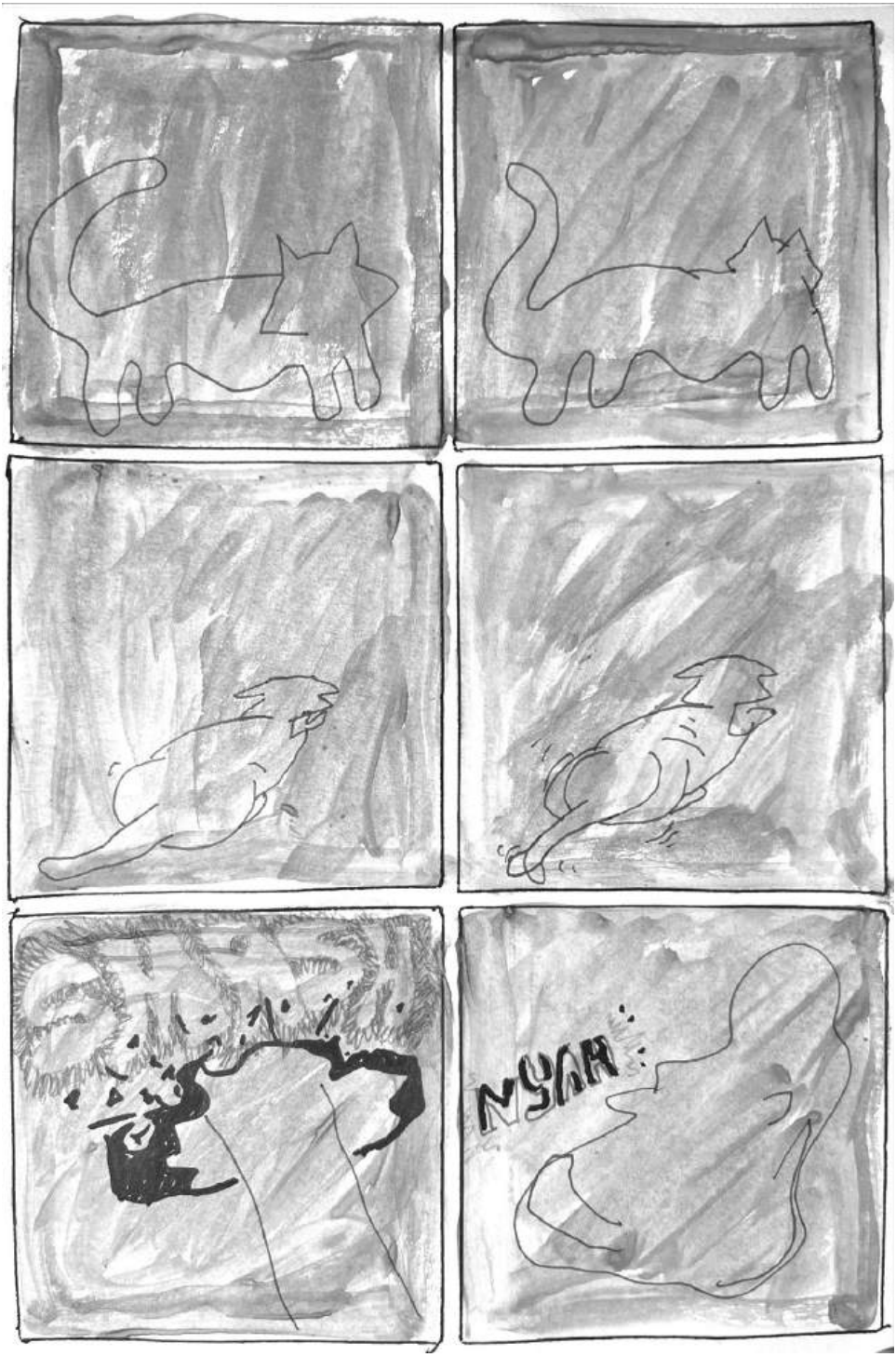

THE PATIENT SUFFERS FROM MELANCHOLIA.
I KNOW THE PERFECT REMEDY.
WE MUST JUMPSTART THE PATIENT'S SYSTEM.
THIS IS A SEVERE CASE.

Aug 11th Sunday 5:01pm
Candice Pert tells her patients to say "I love you" three times while making eye contact with themselves in a mirror. She says it is really difficult for a lot of her patients, they often break down and cry and have trouble saying it. It is not conceited to love yourself, it is vital.

August 4th, Sunday 11:45AM, 2024 90+, backyard with nectarine blue berry flavor bang energy drink (tastes like pennies).

You need the wind in order to move forward after all. We mustn't turn our allies into enemies. The enemies are the competing boats, and this **rivalry should be encouraging** to one's progress, not debilitating. I have been loving the word encouraging lately. What will I do with my notes I spend so much time writing? What will I do with this memory in my head and time on my hands? I cant see the future but I can look across the water as I am pulled by wind. I can see distant shapes hidden in the weather, gradient skies that reflect ovulating moods to be had. Is the modern sun satisfied by sweat offerings? Would it not prefer a more vital fluid like blood? As a child I did not get as cold as I do now. Maybe it's because I don't run and jump and play around as much as I used to.

AUG 25 Sunny Sunday backyard, mild breeze, too much oolong tea for 11:28am. 2024
I've tried the Candace Pert self love practice (as previously mention) of saying I love you while making eye contact with yourself in a mirror (I will remember to do this more) and strangely I thought of ***** in the middle of the practice. Perhaps she popped in my mind because I think she would be interested in such a practice. But also I must admit I love her in a surprising playful and non romantic way. I respect and look up to how she carries herself and how friendly she is.

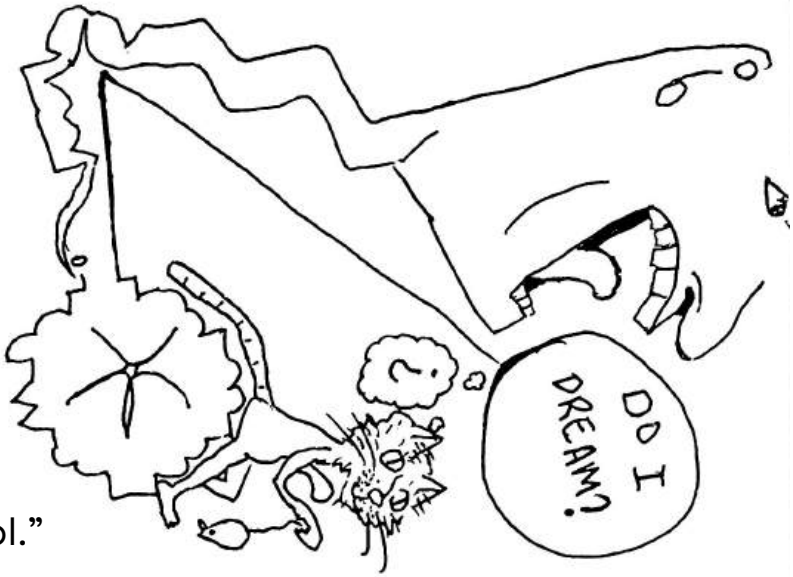

NYAH

As we grow, we're told to let it go but these clenching hands know no better way to drive the milk home from biblical beast-mother's teats, from which reverent life-concentrate trickles down scribbled palm creases of least resistance that describe one's inevitable turns and battles; where dust had once hardened but now melts and rolls madly into mud, searching always for new soiled hosts to lap at like hungry barbed cat tongues until the chipped re-purposed porcelain dinner dish is white and bone-dry again, as it had been in mother’s inherited brown chest.

YOU CAN TELL WHAT'S COMING
TO
TAKE
A
HIKE

POWERR

tea never jokes around —.
it's too hot!!!
READ THE TEA!
scald cold pleas- ant or pain- full?



"looks cool."

"What is this?"

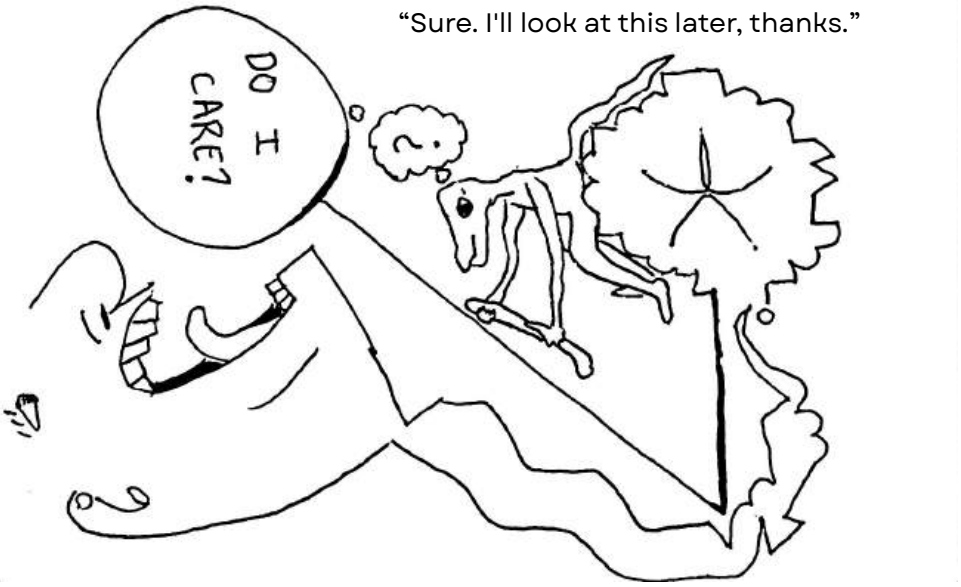
"Wanna collab?"

Boomin Foomin's Looming Human Heart has touched some fellow human hearts. Hear what some vocal readers are saying. I hear you. Come again

"I looked at it."

"Pretty schitzy."

"Sure. I'll look at this later, thanks."



Embers. 12

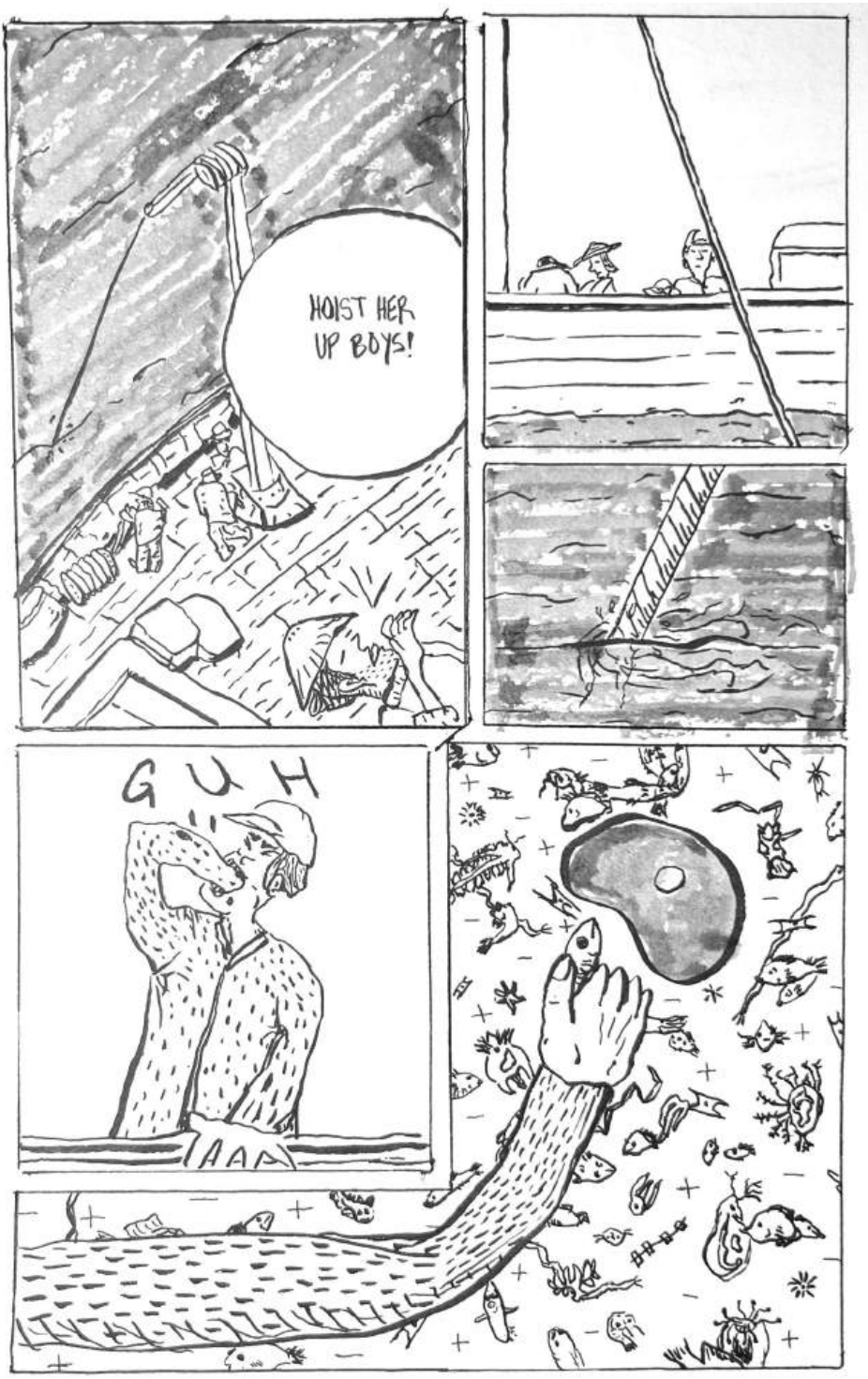
"It was nice to meet you."

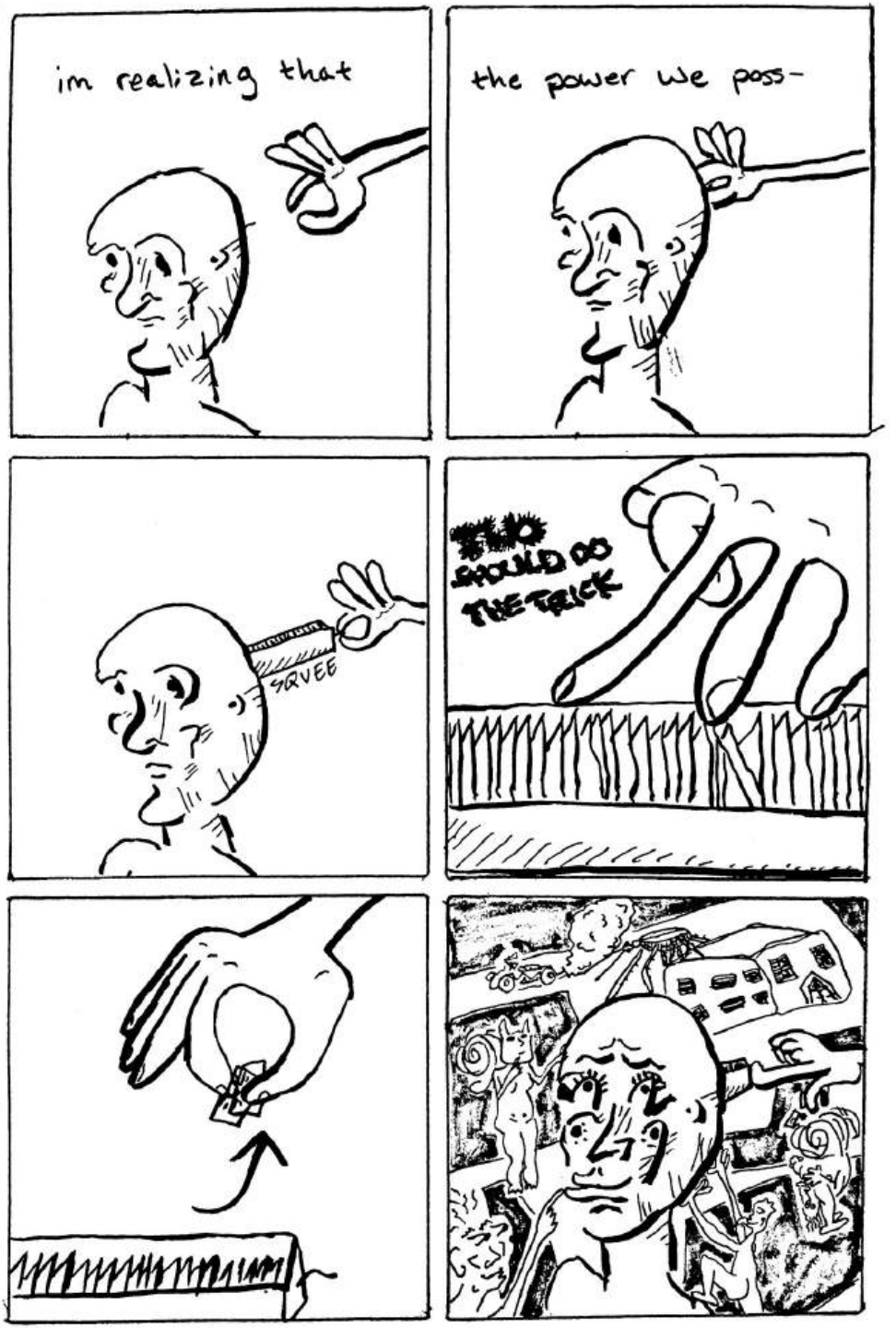
And I suppose one can never be certain, but it felt like we had shaken hands before. Our limbs converging at their points in a formal goodbye, I had witnessed this shape and feeling together before, if not in person, then in a memory or perhaps a dream. My heart sends echoes down my ribs as the our contact holds, briefly the moment carries on and the reverberation is amplified by what I assume is our hearts easing into syncopated tandem through our damp palms.

Had it been the repeated kisses on the cheek, while laying together on her couch and bed that made me recall this dramatic myth? The soft rattling snare drum on her face sends out subtle catchy rhythms that grow in my throat and chest and hips as an effect of each beating kiss. When she awakens another day, I am there and her liquid face still shows an apple bite smile. Shadows from the sun and the center of the Earth's core intersect in an imaginary plane that always dissects us, laying there on her couch and bed.

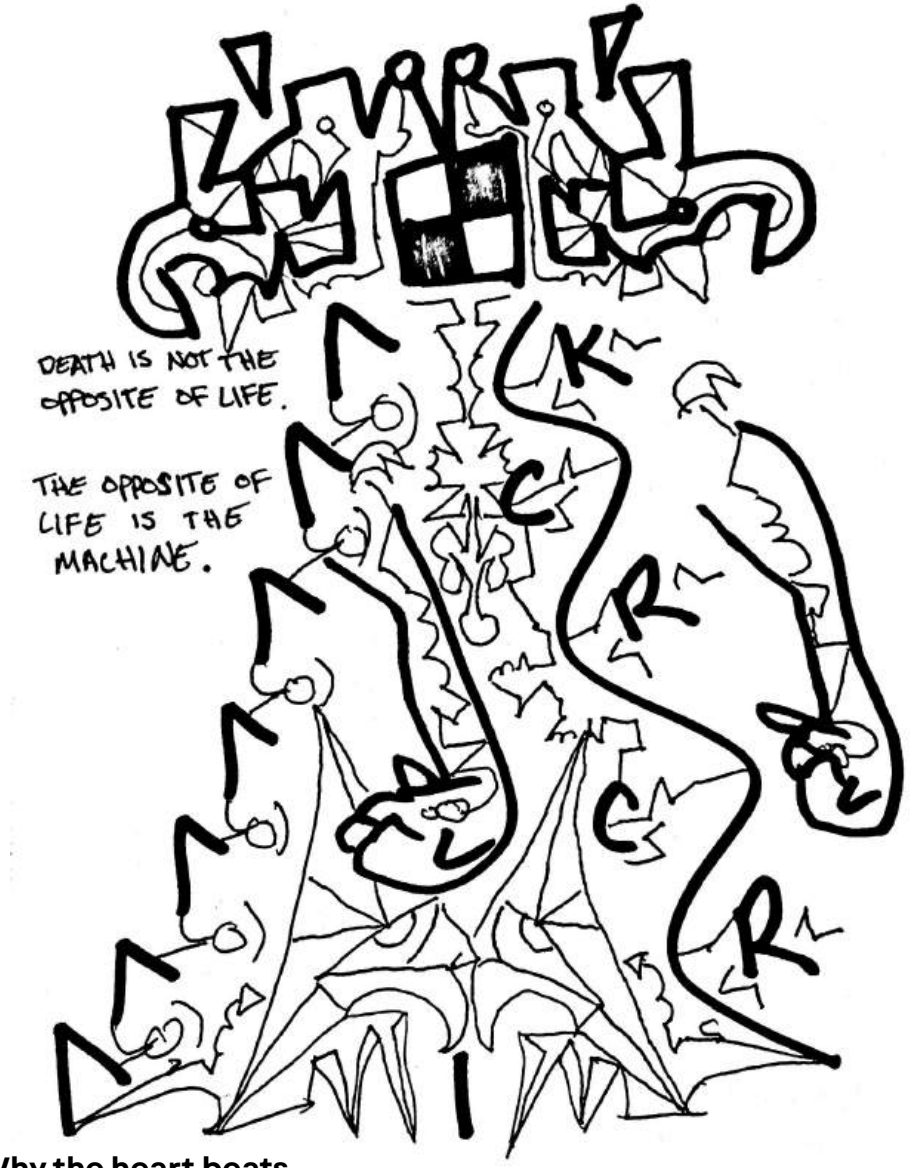
She wants me to say something on behalf of the future and the past, here on her couch and bed and I can't open my mouth to say the words. She understands my disobeying jaw and so she squirms her fingers, all ten, into my sealed lips and pries open the resisting tomb, blood now trickling down her trembling fingers and on to my jumbled and stacked fangs. I try to say her name. Not a sound. She's thinking, 'hurry it hurts,' she is shaking. I think of a green sour apple in some backyard we never shared and begin gagging and sputtering spit and blood and I play it off as a joke, like I'm laughing at it all because we are are not in any serious danger, that we don't need to keep spinning around a scalding core, but her face is wet with tears or spit or blood and her eyes droop to the corners of her face. Her face further distorts until I no longer recognize it. Had I ever? I become deeply disturbed by the sight of her, or disturbed of how the image of her I draw is turning out, and so I pull my hand away and grab the fuzzy blanket we share and I wrap myself carefully and swim to the kitchen window and climb out, hanging on with what I knew was a final glance, looking at her fetal naked shivering wet body, and I wanted to say everything, and I knew I was now capable, to release the weight of a ship sinking with gold, but I could not bring myself to try, I could not sign my drawing after a lifetime of scribbling. Repulsed with these thoughts, I hissed like a feral cat and swam out of the kitchen window. Over the course of years I sank onto the street, witnessed only by observing angels and their counterparts.

They read my name in the body's viscera once it had finished spilling. And then a knock at her door, she rose in glamour and grace in a new apartment, beautiful fake apple and lemon fruit bowl on her tiny kitchen table.


HOIST HER UP BOYS!
GUH
AAA


im realizing that
the power we poss-
SQUEE
THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK

Labeling nature does not make it's force more forgiving.
Forgiveness must be done in faith and love, two illogical things.

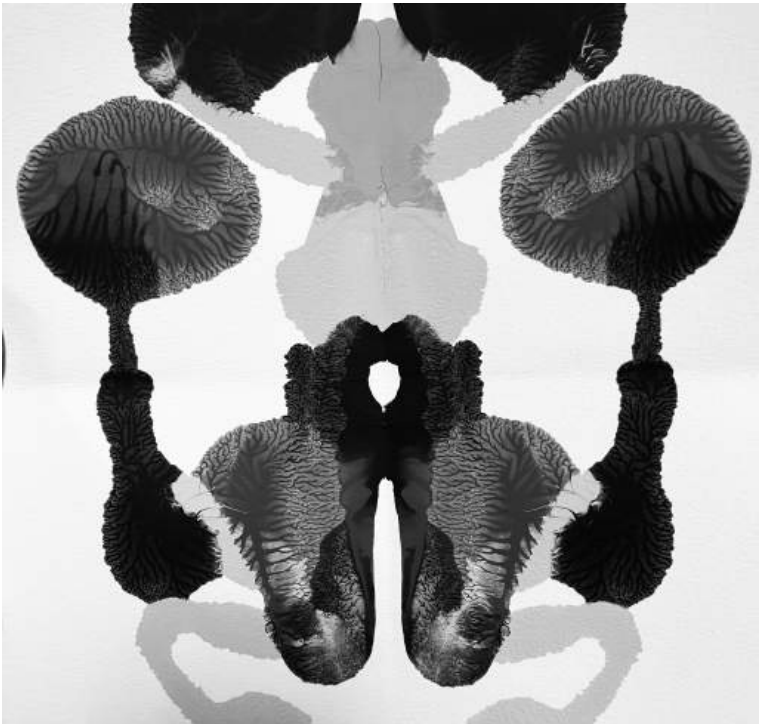


Why the heart beats
to grow in love through these Earthly tests/ we have been given a tempo/ as a tool to react in time with spinning planets/ whether we meet angry hands or gentle/ bloodfounts viewed in light from above/ give rise to countless constellations

Entertain with me that:
1. All life feeds on blood.
2. Water is Earth's blood.
And so, How do we show our gratitude to Earth for the lifeblood she gives?
Pee, poop, bleed, cry, sweat, and spit without shame.

my experiment

I put a few globs of acrylic paint on paper. Then I folded the paper over and pressed the paper together. Then I unfolded the paper. Patterns appeared where the globs of paint where after pulling the two surfaces of paper apart. These patterns resemble branching trees, branching stem patterns on leaves, branching of rivers viewed from a high perspective, branching shape of sea corals, the branching pattern of insect wings, and the branching of veins that carry blood in most of Earthly biology.
I wondered, is the same action (the separating of two forces pulling apart a liquid) is occurring in nature to create these similar observable patterns?
The relationship of Earth's electromagnetic field interacting against the electromagnetic forces of the sun and all other influencing planets may be like the two surfaces of paper in my experiment, and the branching patterns in my paint may be behaving in the same way as the liquid inhabitants of all life on Earth, continuously being pulled apart by two ultimate forces until the liquid dries up and leaves behind an image of life.



If this is near the truth about live on Earth, then the lesson it teaches us is that the price of growth is splintering rupture. We can spend our time here reaching up and descending down but all that we witness in our biological life is not preservable. We must learn to let go.

SLUR
PR

James Hillman (1926 - 2011)

Psyche, in it's original Greek meaning, translates to "soul". Contemporary interpretations now define psyche as the "mind". "Psychology" should be the study of the soul, not the study of the mind. James Hillman recognized this.

Hillman was an author and educator who stated the importance of imagination, fantasy, myth, metaphor, and poetry in understanding the human soul. A great portion of Hillman's thought attempts to attend to the speech of the soul as it is revealed via images and fantasies. If one thinks poetically, psychological activities can be seen in the realm of images. This way of interpreting seeks to explore images rather than explain them.

Hillman equates the psyche with the soul and seeks to set out a psychology based without shame in art and culture. The goal is to draw soul into the world via the creative acts of the individual, not to exclude it in the name of social order. The potential for soulmaking is revealed by psychic images to which a person is drawn to and apprehends in a meaningful way. Indeed, the act of being drawn to and looking deeper at the images presented creates meaning.

Further to Hillman's project is a sense of the dream as the basic model of the psyche. Dreams place us inside images, rather than placing images inside us. "Dreams tell us where we are, not what to do. Stick to the imagine, don't define it as representing something else and move on. Let the image breathe."

Hillman had come up with a theory about the soul called the "acorn theory" which states that all people already hold the potential for the unique possibilities inside themselves, much as an acorn holds the pattern for an oak tree. The theory describes how a unique, individual energy of the soul is contained within each human being, displayed throughout their lifetime and shown in their calling and life's work when it is fully actualized.

The significance Hillman places on art and dreams and imagination, said in his characteristic poetic style, coincides with my experiences and intuitions on these difficult subjects. Who else could speak with such conviction and boldness of the soul? Hillman's work has been an incredible inspiration for me.

why comics?

1. Immediate feel of someone's imagination. One look of a comic page leaves an instant impression of the creator's personality - through their drawing effortlessly emerges style.
2. Dreaminess. Often, we only remember fragmented scenes or images from a dream. The medium of comics lend themselves to this kind of dreamy storytelling. Non-linear/surreal comics rely on significance to be given to them by the reader (or interpreter) of the comic who sits with the images.
3. One creator's vision/story can be made directly. Comics are a rare medium in that you need only a few basic materials to create them. If one can get their hands on paper and ink, they can make a comic. And this simplicity and directness gives a comic a human quality to it. Furthermore, I believe the more advanced a technological tool is, the more it interferes or separates a piece of art from the human quality of the artist. The pen or brush is a slight extension of the human hand and has very low interference with a creator's intentions whereas art made with a mouse and a computer or a digital stylus on a screen loses the charm of human touch. You will notice that many artistic computer programs are designed to mimic the imperfect grittier look of practical simpler art tools.

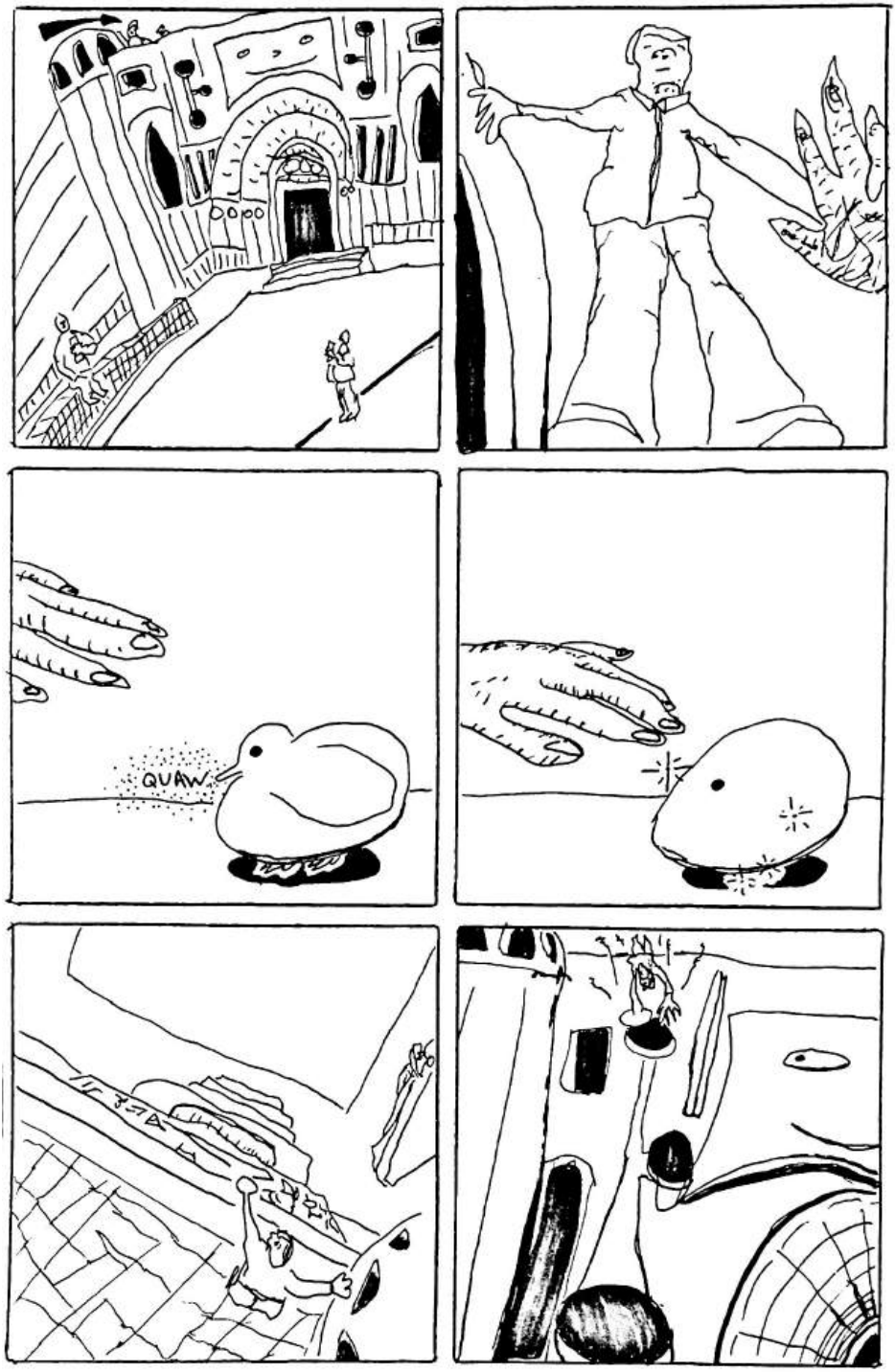
Comics vs. other forms of storytelling:

Cameras have a filter of reality or goofy digital effects that can never satisfy the imagination in the way that hand drawn comics do.

A page of text in **literature** does not have the stylistic impact or inviting allure of a page of comics.

Animation is comics in motion, but I would argue that the high speed frames and the addition of audio removes important opportunities of personal interpretation from the reader.

DRAW ON YOUR WALLS.


QUAW

Monday 2023 September 4th, 12:45pm

And I think **life should be melodramatic**. What would you rather be, a stoic statue or an expressive painting? I suppose both have a place in the museum. Yesterday I read some of As I Lay Dying on my parents back porch. When I was a kid I would have said "my" back porch. It's true we are just borrowing everything in this life.

At one point in life I felt I could wait in passivity for some time and then eventually be handed keys to a future. When we decide to show our face and open our throats, we become like a bird that is sibling to all birds, we must risk the dangers of flight. There is a chance, or maybe a choice, that is to be engaged with, an uplifting sky embrace. This absolutely must be pursued, despite all conclusive potentials for pain, a fire must be sought.

Sept. 9th, 2024 Sunday 11:40AM 80 some degrees mild front porch table. I love porches. Between inside and outside. Secluded but not private.

Perhaps the angels are like us in that they are satisfied by mastering games. They guide us and answer us indirectly but will not solve things for us, this would ruin the game for us and for them. The planets reflect the order of things. Games must have order.

I think **everyone is an artist**. They may express their artistic quality in a myriad of actions and behaviors. Some conceal their artistic part of themselves or ignore it. It takes esteem to show your art (soul)? What you create is a vulnerable piece of you. We fear public speaking because we fear humiliation. We fear being misunderstood. But we must speak, we must create, we must try to be understood if we wish to live a vital life.

10:11pm September Friday 13th 74degrees, windows open, watching the movie Saturn 3, pops slumped on lazyboy, 1hr24min phone time

Here's the rare PM writing. Maybe I'll try this more. We are a different person throughout our lives, time changes us, even throughout the day we change. I should see how I feel at different times of day, why not? Dad's snoring in the lazyboy. This movie is not good.

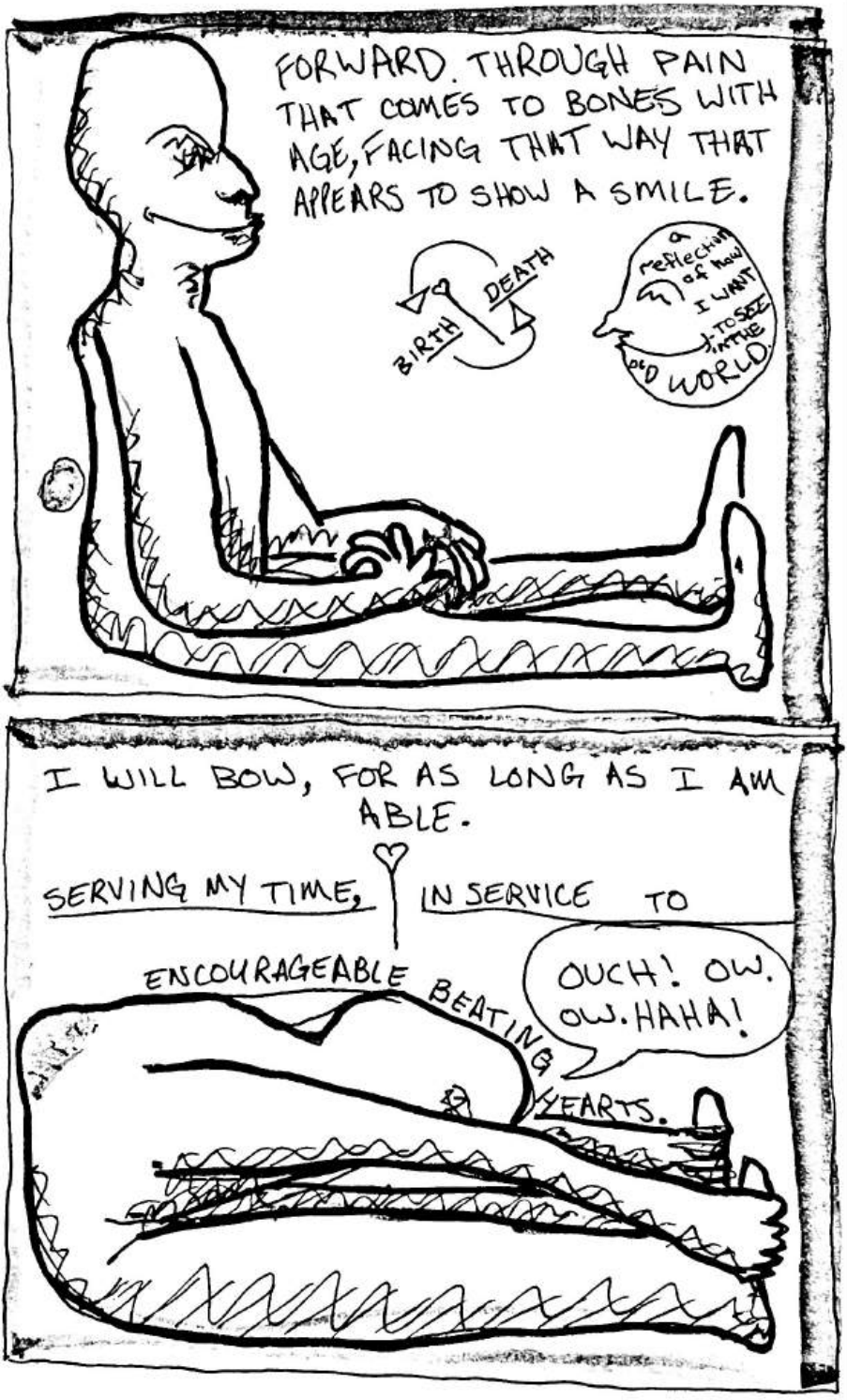
I love my dad. He is present. He escapes here and there throughout the days but at the end of the day he's here.

We need affection. The **orangutans roll on each other**. Humans have grown tired of that dream. Too aware, too bored. Too proud. We dreamed of enlightenment through suffering and then the human spirit entered our body. Kirk Douglas has bright pink flesh around his eyes in this movie. My eyes are tired. I used to have Sarah Faucet bangs in 6th grade. They're fighting the antagonistic robot now, defeating it. The robot has a cylinder of human brains for its processing. Does this make it a cyborg?

Sep 29th, 2024 Everyday is such a blessing, I get overwhelmed with emotions sometimes.

My leg rashes are getting better because I am scratching them less.

I got my aura read yesterday, some surface level truth to it. The middle-aged fast talking woman put a fit-bit kind of sensor watch on my wrist that was plugged into an ipad: 2-8 weeks invite big change. Claimed I have horse energy. Had fun laughing about it later with friends. I feel like I will never be totally prepared or in this life and maybe that's the way I should feel, maybe the dice never land (until we die?). Moods and decisions and friends and feelings are all bouncing up in the air like ever rolling clouds, we change change change until we look again and we are in a different spot with a different shape. And it's such an amazing blessing to live this way. **There is no other person, place, or time I would rather be than me, here, now.**


FORWARD. THROUGH PAIN THAT COMES TO BONES WITH AGE, FACING THAT WAY THAT APPEARS TO SHOW A SMILE.
BIRTH
DEATH
a reflection of how I WANT TO SEE IN THE OLD WORLD
I WILL BOW, FOR AS LONG AS I AM ABLE.
SERVING MY TIME,
IN SERVICE TO
ENCOURAGEABLE BEATING HEARTS.
OUCH! OW. OW. HAHA!

Imagine the child dancer who has felt pressured to carefully study and memorize and execute complex dances before a panel of judges. When the time comes to perform, this little dancer dances off-beat and looks unsure - anticipating the future moves before finishing the last move while wishing the worst for the fellow contestants.

Now imagine the child who moves with total assurance and mirth to music they have never heard before. Humiliating some, encouraging others, this little dancer dances in contagious abandon and bliss.